

# The TATLER

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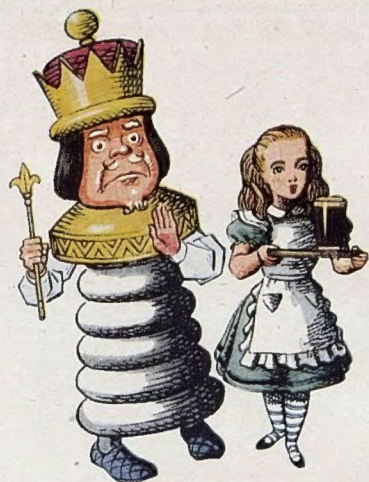
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# Bottle Royal

"Who are fighting?" asked Alice.

"Why, the Lion and the Unicorn, of course," said the White King.

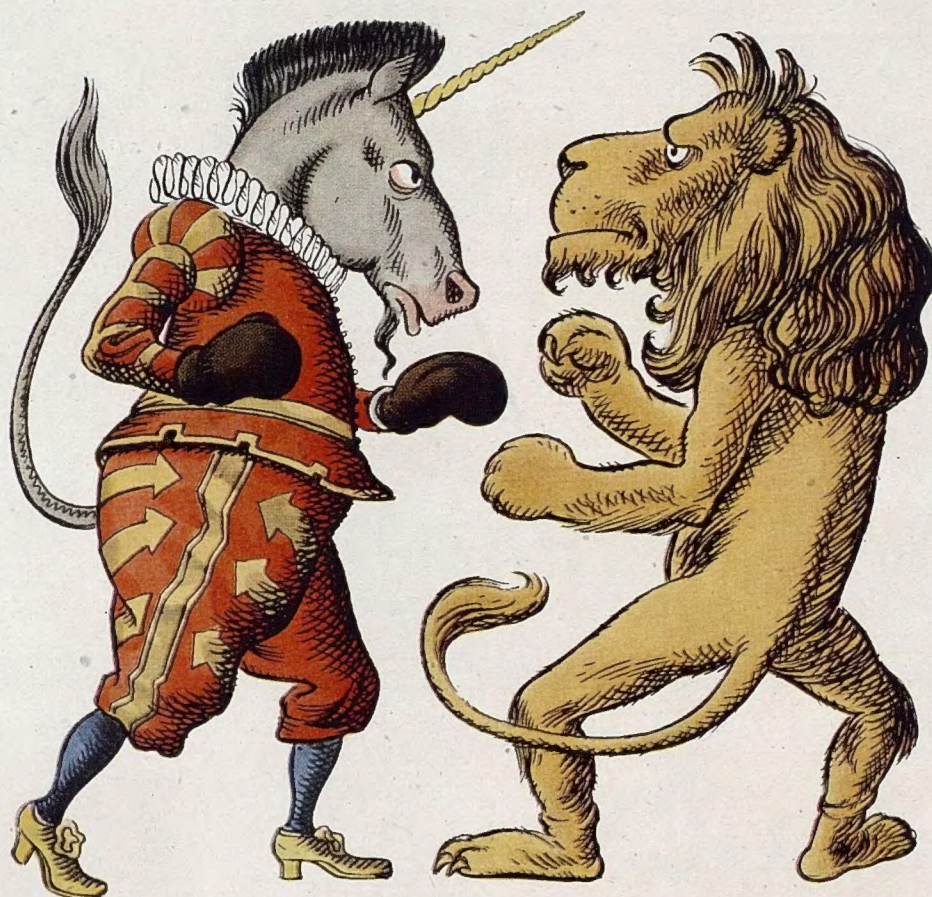
"But what are they fighting for?"

"Well, they both want a Guinness," said the King, "and there's only one left. The worst of the joke is, that even that one belongs to me! Let's run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice repeating to herself, as she ran, the words of the song:

" 'The Lion and The Unicorn'  
*was full of thirsty men*  
*From ten o'clock till two o'clock*  
*and six o'clock till ten.*  
*Some had a sandwich, some had two:*  
*But they all had a Guinness,*  
*which is Good For You."*

"Does — the one — that wins — get the Guinness?" she asked, as well as she could while they were running.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "The one that's *had* the Guinness wins."



GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



# THE TATLER and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
FEBRUARY 18, 1948

Two Shillings  
Vol. CLXXXVII, No. 2432



*Dorothy Wilding*

## HER EXCELLENCY THE RANI KAISER, AND DAUGHTER

The beautiful wife of the Nepalese Ambassador has, together with her husband, become extremely popular since their arrival in Britain last August. Their little daughter Tani is aged three. At present the Ambassador and his family are in the U.S., where General Kaiser has gone to present his credentials on his appointment as Minister Designate to Washington, but they are returning on the Queen Mary early in March, as the General will conduct Nepal's affairs in the U.S. from his Embassy in London





*The Duke of Montrose with an oil painting of himself, presented to him for his many years of work on behalf of the deaf. With the Duke at the London headquarters of the National Institute for the Deaf is Mr. Robert Scott-Stevenson, the President, and the artist, Mr. R. H. Westwater*

## SOME PORTRAITS IN PRINT

**I** READ that they are going to do something about that gazebo in Berkeley Square," he said, and not one of the five men present had the courage to ask: "What is a gazebo?" I think now that the general impression was that he was referring to some wild-life playmate of the notorious nightingale.

Only the day before I had been walking across the Square and passed the tattered little Regency summer-house in the middle. I did not realize that this was indeed the "gazebo" upon which the City of Westminster was about to lavish £200 in repair work.

Why "gazebo"? My regrettable ignorance has since led me into an intriguing wild-word chase. Pronounced (apparently) "gaz-eb-o," it usually refers to a turret or lantern on the top of a building. I have been told that I ought to be ashamed of myself at not knowing this, and that it is a form of dog Latin, e.g. "lavabo," a washing-place, and thus "gazebo," a gazing-place. Other experts declare it to be of Oriental origin and brought to this country in the eighteenth century when the nabobs were setting an Oriental fashion, and little negro slaves (from Barbados) were dressed up in turbans (from Madras) to carry peacock-feather fans behind their mistresses.

I mentioned all this in talking about London squares with a man in the American Embassy.

He said: "It's a new one on me. In America we call a gaz-eebo the little raised look-out box on top of the caboose or guard's van at the back of a freight train."

"That is so," said another American. "But then there is the kind of gazebo that O. Henry mentions, for instance, meaning a rubberneck, a hick up from the country, a simpleton."

### *Laval's Last Words*

**A**LL of which seems a long, long way from the little summer-house in Berkeley Square, from which you can gaze out now on little else but offices, Civil Servants and Government priority cars.

Not far from Berkeley Square a week or so ago there was stopping a middle-aged and suave ex-member of the French diplomatic service engaged on what I can only think of as both a macabre and pathetic mission.

It was Count René de Chambrun, the son-in-law of the late Pierre Laval, and he was anxious to see what sort of a reception would be given the English edition of his wife's editing of her father's last court and prison writings. This has been published in France as *Laval Parle*, and now in England by the Falcon Press with the title of *The Unpublished Diary of Pierre Laval*.

### Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Gordon Beckles

*Laval Parle* is said to have sold 100,000 copies in France already.

I had occasion in Paris last summer to have much to do with a man who was in court during almost the whole of Laval's trial in 1945. He paid tribute to his courage and wit during his ordeal, and I gathered that the mass of the French people was somewhat ashamed both of the way in which the trial was conducted and the subsequent execution carried out.

"After all, he was several times Prime Minister of France," was this observer's remark. The excuse was that with the war but a few months over, the whole of the nation was in a highly neurotic state—and in France that means something.

### *Pathos*

**F**OR Laval there was no excuse; it was not only his lamentable Vichy war career; it was his pre-war record which symbolized for the French all the foulness of French political life.

As the first shot in any campaign of apologia, these "unpublished" prison writings lack conviction; but as a human document they are not without interest. Ten days before Paris was liberated in August, 1944, Pierre Laval summoned the eighty-seven mayors of the Paris district and in this volume there is given a facsimile of a "testimonial" then signed by the mayors. Whether or no the wording of this oddly-timed token of respect was added before or after the signatures (and by whom) is the problem. It says that they assure Laval of "their devoted friendship and deep affection" and that "through his love of our land he will find the way to salvation" and that they are "profoundly devoted to him personally."

I think the printing of such a document as evidence of Laval's innocence more than a little pathetic.

### *The More It Changes . . .*

**C**RISES, crises, crises; perhaps never before has a sense of historical proportion been more comforting. A few weeks back I found wrapped around a parcel of old photo-

*Graham's Briggs is unable to fill his usual space here this week, as he is suffering from a chill, the result of being inadequately costumed at the village fancy dress ball (vide issue of Feb. 4). He hopes, however, to resume his usual duties next week*

graphs some pages of *The Times* dated February, 1923.

A closer examination of these historical fragments has now been made and the report is that the world seems to have stood remarkably still. There is the usual headline "Prime Minister's Warning" and the customary excitements emanating from Germany.

That year saw the Ruhr heading for just such a crisis as 1948 must undoubtedly produce. In 1923 (as in 1948) we were unable to see eye-to-eye with our French allies. "Ruhr Perils" and "Entente in Balance" are two of the headlines, and there are dispatches from Germany in which the words "sabotage" and "tanks and machine guns" figure prominently.

"Airmen's Hunt for Rebels" has a contemporary sound about it, but in 1923 referred to happenings in Ireland where rebel was fighting rebel—or reformed rebel. "Exchange of Prisoners Delayed" seemed a promising headline; the story below had been torn away.

Coal was much in the public mind, and the week ending February 3 was hailed as the best since December, 1913. Some 5,601,200 tons were mined.

The weather was worthy of especial note, it seems, for it was displaying "remarkable variations," a phrase which has a familiar ring about it.

### *Waists Were Low*

**T**HESE few pages from *The Times* give little more than a glimpse in their advertising columns of women's fashions in 1923, and that glimpse is frightening enough. It is not a question of a New Look so much as an Odd Look, for a dress appears to have had its waist placed somewhere around the wearer's knees.

I hope that this M. Christian Dior of Paris does not fall in love with the fashions of 1923. . . .

They had a colourful relief from the grey-ness of post-war life in that year of a kind which we sadly miss at the moment. Tut-ankhamen's tomb had just been opened in Egypt after months of exciting preliminaries. Little more than a year before, *Chu Chin Chow* had finished its record run in London, and I feel that there must have been some psychological connection between the public's interest in these two exploitations of what we now know to be the not so "glamorous East."

This time we seem to be looking for post-war refreshment to the exuberance of America, as witness the success of such importations as *Annie, Get Your Gun* and *Oklahoma!*



People now respond to the impulse of the open West, the pioneer prairie and the sunset trail as once they did to the urge of the mystic Orient.

I suppose that one day we will reach saturation point as far as synthetic "romance" goes and discover that it was on our doorsteps all the time, so that in the course of a decade or two we can start encircling the world again in our pursuit of relief from the everyday.

### Microphone Mania

ONE thing I noted in these 1923 pages was the fact that only four West End cinemas were advertised, and these four were, indeed, the only four in the West End. They were showing *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, Jackie Coogan in *Oliver Twist*, *Alf's Button*, and some "roaring farce."

I tried to think: were we really so bored with life in 1923 with just those few small cinemas? Was it felt necessary for young folk to rush to a cinema once or twice a week? Did millions of people then contemplate that they would ever sit together in a room engaging in conversation to the background noise of a sermon, a jazz band or a talk on what to do with swedes on a Sunday afternoon?

The worship of the microphone is rapidly achieving the status of that other contemporary idol—the internal combustion engine. Stage performers cling to it not, they allege, because it enlarges their voices, but because today's public expects to hear tinned voices.

I don't believe it; I do not believe it.

During the war there was a revue (whose name I have forgotten) in which a small, plumpish, elderly woman came down to the footlights with a look of affectionate scorn on her lips when she saw the microphone used by the other performers. She had it removed from its position. She then proceeded to sing two or three naughty little numbers with perfect taste and immaculate diction. It was one of the sisters of the late Marie Lloyd—either Alice Lloyd or Daisy Wood, I forget which one. But I have not forgotten that little reminder of pre-mike days.

One of the few exploiters of the microphone whose use of it seems justified to me is the incredible Mr. Danny Kaye at the Palladium. A lot of his satire is directed at both high priests and worshippers of the microphone.

When I was asked by someone what this Mr. Danny Kaye did I was rather at a loss for an answer. Finally I said: "It is rather as if he was putting into terms of song, dance and mime something written by Bevan Wyndham Lewis or 'Beachcomber' or both together."

He is as considerable an artist as we have seen in Europe since Maurice Chevalier and Gracie Fields at their best.

### Transformation Scene

I MENTIONED that I was talking about squares to a man in the U.S. Embassy whose window looks out on to Grosvenor Square. A year ago this once dignified space (it is not a "square" by the way, more of an oval) looked a cross between Passchendaele, 1917, and Hiroshima, 1945, such being the toll of modern war and U.S. lorries. It will never be the Grosvenor Square that we used to know: it has undergone a remarkable and rapid transformation, and when Mrs. Roosevelt arrives in April to unveil the statue of her husband, the metamorphosis should be complete. I was told the turf used had been brought from Hampton Court and Kensington Palace.

I wonder what you feel like when you unveil a five-ton heroic conception by a stranger of a man you knew as intimately as Mrs. Roosevelt knew the great President?

There will be a drama on that day in Grosvenor Square of which only Mrs. Roosevelt will be able to tell.

## WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

### Lullaby: HUSHABYE, DASHABYE, DRAT

Hushabye, dashabye, drat!  
Whatever's come over the brat?  
Thy mother would go to a party today  
And put on her beautiful dress and be  
gay—  
Moreover the food will be good, she  
hears say,  
So hushabye, hushabye, rest.  
And chuck the endurance test.

Hushabye, dashabye, blast!  
How long is this going to last?  
Three hundred and sixty-four times I  
stay in  
And thou slumberest almost before I  
begin  
But today—and the cocktails I'm told  
contain gin—  
Hushabye, hark to Mama—  
Contractest insomnia.

Hushabye, dashabye, curse!  
What wouldn't I give for a nurse!  
However thy Mother is not to be beat,  
Especially when there is something to  
eat.  
So she goes and she goes on her own  
flat feet—  
Hushabye, dashabye, damn!  
Taking thee with in the pram.

—Justin Richardson.



**SIR OLIVER HARVEY, K.C.M.G.**, the new British Ambassador in Paris, of the Embassy. Sir Oliver joined the diplomatic service in 1919, and before his latest appointment was Deputy Under-Secretary of State (Political) in the Foreign Office. He was Minister at Paris in 1940, where he had previously spent several years as First Secretary. Lady Harvey was formerly Miss Maud Williams-Wynn. Sir Oliver is a Commander of the Legion of Honour





Angus McBean

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

William the Waiter (Harcourt Williams) explains the origin of his nickname to the family lawyer, Finch McComus (Ernest Thesiger): "She thought me like the bust of Shakespeare in Stratford church, sir, that is why she calls me William"

Of this play Anthony Cookman said: "It has not been too often revived, and it is, I think, the gayest, certainly the most irresponsible of all full-length Shavian comedies."

## The Gossip Backstage

by

Beaumont Kent

IT is good news that Leslie Henson is returning to the West End in a musical show. Late in April he will star in *Bob's Your Uncle*, which has been written by Austin Melford with music by Noel Gay who did the score for *Me and My Girl*. Henson will have the support of a large cast headed by Vera Pearce, Valerie Tandy, Sheila Douglas-Pennant and Austin Melford, who hasn't been seen on the stage for some time. A short preliminary tour opens at Liverpool.

PETER DAUBENY is following this week's production (in conjunction with Gordon Stewart) of *Family Portrait* with a new comedy, as yet unnamed, of which he is part-author with Geoffrey Bevan. It will star Adrienne Allen and Ronald Ward. Miss Allen will be seen as a girl who marries for a second time and finds that her first husband is the butler in her new home. The comedy has a country background and a horse and hunting atmosphere.

Daubeny and his fellow-author wrote the play during the war while they were Guards officers responsible for the personal safety of Winston Churchill at Chequers. It will open a tour at Brighton in April, before coming to the West End.

LEE EPHRAIM has given me some interesting details about the casting of *Carissima*, the musical play by Eric Maschwitz and composer Hans May, which he is presenting at the Palace somewhere about March 11.

Lester Ferguson and Elizabeth Thealman—both from the Cambridge Theatre opera company—will appear as an Italian tenor and his girl friend. Shirl Conway (Mrs. Bill Johnson) will be seen as a scheming

American cosmetic manufacturer intent on securing the tenor for radio publicity, and Hugh Dempster, Hannah Watt and Charles Farrell have important parts. The scenes are in Venice and New York, and Reginald Tate is producing.

*Macbeth* ends its run at the Aldwych on Saturday and on the following Thursday Michael Redgrave is flying to America to appear in the production there with Edith Evans as Lady Macbeth and several members of the London cast.

John Van Druten's *I Remember Mama*, with Mady Christians in the leading rôle, follows at the Aldwych on March 2. Directly on her arrival here Miss Christians, who had such a great success in the part on Broadway, had to plunge into rehearsals which she is directing. The company is interestingly cosmopolitan, for it includes Frederick Valk (Czech), Lilli Kann (German), Adrienne Gessner (Austrian), Gunnar Hafsten (Icelandic) as well as several British artists.

WHEN C. B. Cochran was last in Vienna he saw a beautiful Hungarian star in *La Belle Hélène*, and now I hear he is negotiating with her for *Scandal In Bohemia*, the musical version of one of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories which, as I recently announced, he plans to present in association with Lord Vivian.

The story, which concerns a foreign king who is engaged to be married, has interesting possibilities. "C.B." made arrangements for the rights with the Conan Doyle trustees when he was in Paris. Now he is looking for a suitable actor for the part of the king. Another Georges Guétary is the kind of artist he has in mind.

Few plays have been seen by more naval folk than *Off the Record*, which celebrates its 300th performance at the Piccadilly tomorrow. At no performance have there been fewer than twenty naval officers in the audience. On one occasion ten uniformed admirals sat in a row in the stalls. Among those who have enjoyed the humours of the Ian Hay-Stephen King-Hall comedy are Lord Fraser, C-in-C, Portsmouth; Admiral Burroughs, C-in-C, Chatham; Admiral Sir Philip Vian, First Sea Lord; Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham; and Lord Hall, First Lord of the Admiralty.

JESSIE MATTHEWS has done so well with her revue *Maid to Measure* since the opening of its tour in December that a big success is anticipated when it comes to the West End next month. The notices that I have read give high praise to one young member of the company, Joan Heal, who is described as a British Martha Raye.

THE second edition of the Binnie and Sonny Hale show, *One, Two, Three*, due at the Duke of York's on February 26, will be practically a new revue, for little but the opening number and the finale is being retained. And the title will be changed to *Four, Five, Six*.



Anthony Cookman

and Tom Titt

## At the Theatre

"All This Is Ended"

(St. James's)

ACCORDING to a programme note, nearly everybody in this play, which was written during the war by a serving soldier, was somebody the author had met along the rocky road from Dunkirk to the Sangro.

Reading the note, one feared the worst. "Thomas," wrote Stevenson to Barrie of a Thrumbs worthy, "affects me as a lie—I beg your pardon; doubtless he was somebody you knew, that leads people so far astray." What one feared was a play compact of such lies. The foreboding turned out to be false, which only shows that authors should not write programme notes.

Mr. Jack Alldridge has in fact succeeded remarkably well in getting the remembered quirks of Army character to ring true on the stage, and if his control of general ideas is uncertain, he makes up to some extent for this weakness by what appears to be a naturally strong theatrical punch.

THE play has been fairly described as a battle-dress version of *Outward Bound*. Indeed, it makes no pretence to originality of theme. Mr. Alldridge's soldiers—stragglers from an Italian battlefield collected in a shell-shattered villa—are in the same plight as the passengers on Mr. Sutton Vane's famous liner. It takes them some time to realize that they are dead.

In place of the enigmatic steward of the liner there is a cheery little batman who, though a ghost in human vesture, is not averse to a cup of sergeant-major's tea or a hand at cards. Only one of the stragglers—and he born, apparently, in a state of indignant idealism—puts two and two together; and he is the only member of the party who is not surprised when—to end the act—the celestial padre, gravely smiling, duly descends the stairs.

The second act belongs to the padre. Yes, he knows all about them, but he takes the same bland view of their virtues and their weaknesses. They are, he tells them, at a reception camp awaiting "re-allocation" in the hereafter where they will gradually cease to remember what they were on earth. "If one did not forget, eternity would be intolerable," he remarks reassuringly. He is a very human padre, and however much he knows about the hereafter, he says nothing about it that would stir the slightest misgiving in the worst of men.

Is it a weakness of the play that we rather wish we were on the stage and safely dead? No more catching the 9.10 a.m., no more wet days and sodden trouser legs, no more striving to catch the elusive club waiter's eye, no more the undeniable need to smoke, no more worry, it would seem, of any sort!

It is the idealist's notion that one of them should return to earth representing the rest. The discussion of this proposal, which is eventually ruled out of order by the padre, is rather hazy, and one cannot quite make out whether it is inspired by a wish to spread the enlightenment of the reception station on earth or by the general wish to live a little longer, if only vicariously.

But by the time that the padre has found that there is one more man than the headquarters list requires, and that one must live again, the doubt has been cleared up. The man who goes back goes back as an ambassador of enlightenment. Which one is chosen and how he is chosen make up the matter for the final act.

It is obvious that a play of this kind will, altogether apart from its intrinsic theatrical merits, affect different people very differently. Leaving the theatre, I overheard a woman calling it a beautiful play and I also overheard a man saying "They chose to send back the wrong fellow. That's why we have our present government." The woman, I think, spoke for the majority.

Whichever way you receive it, certainly you will not fault the acting, which is generally good, with Mr. Andre Morell, Mr. William Fox, Mr. Hector Ross and Mr. Russell Waters in the leading parts.



A Critical Moment during the discussions in "All This Is Ended"; behind: Private Chalky White (Russell Waters); Cpl. Benny Marks (Hector Ross); PFC. Michael A. O'Brien (Kent Walton); Private "Lucky" Jones (Gordon Bell); a German soldier (Franz Marischka). Round the table: William (Meadows White); Pte. Lenny Nicholls (Tony Halfpenny); Captain Pringle (Charles Lloyd Pack); Major Owen (Robert Raglan); Lester Ratcliffe (William Fox); and the Padre (Andre Morell)



Frida Bruce Lookhart.

[Decorations  
by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## Hollywood Hey-Day

A WEEK virtually barren of new pictures gives opportunity for due rejoicing over the return of a book from pre-war loan: an anthology of film criticism published in 1937 under the title *Garbo and the Night Watchmen*. Garbo was only a symbol for use in the catchy title; the night watchmen were the critics, samples of whose work had been selected by Alistair Cooke.

As one of what Mr. Cooke calls "the people who earn their bread and butter by dashing from meals to movies," I used to treasure the book mainly for Cecilia Ager's inimitable miniatures from the American *Variety*. To-day the whole book provides a return to firm ground from which to look over the intervening eleven years.

Miss Ager is something quite special in the way of film critics. Within the framework of her unpromising assignment to judge only the women in films she evolved a wholly original style of criticism. In a space of three or four inches, she would transfix a picture and its star with pinpoint accuracy, like a butterfly in a case, in terms of fashion, make-up, hair-styles and general feminine accoutrement.

She never goes outside her terms of reference, except when in her view Robert Taylor went outside his by taking a foam bath like any glamour girl, in *Personal Property*.

RE-READ, Miss Ager exhumes a multitude of half-forgotten incongruities. We immediately recognize Ann Harding in the observation that: "Her slightest 'thank you' is never an expression of courtesy, it's undying gratitude; her 'come in' to a knock on the door heralds the Coronation procession." Or Irene Dunne, "still noble" but beginning to loosen up, in *This Man is Mine* (although we have seen her loosen up a lot since then).

... beneath it all it is to be feared that she is the clear-eyed, level-headed, silent sufferer of yore, expensively suburban in a series of ladylike costumes shot through with timid allure, the sort of clothes that shops advertise "for young matrons" and which are bought by just matrons.

Here is a prison picture called *Ladies They Talk About*:

Sometimes the girls have to work in the prison laundry, which is really a post office with the letters concealed in the clothes they wash instead of in post boxes. . . . Miss Stanwyck doesn't like it there somehow. . . . Her hair is always neatly waved and coiffed, her make-up never neglected, but she doesn't appreciate it. She just sulks and pouts and wants to get even all the time.

Films have not outgrown that kind of thing.

With the same precision instruments Miss Ager can pay frank tribute to Garbo's death scene in *Camille*, analysing the solid foundation of that "magnificent face" and "its baffling allure . . . structural, architectural and not, as you may have feared, disbelieving, something you just made up."

To-day some have forgotten that magnificent face, many have never seen it, some wonder whether they will ever see it again. But the sardonic, though not ungenerous, Ager acclaim of Joan Crawford in *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, for having "at last attained the manner she's been

striving for" and achieved "deafening poise," could be applied intact to the recent Crawford comeback, which Miss Ager must have appreciated.

Not only Miss Ager but the most solemnly highbrow of the watchmen take the stars more seriously than we can do to-day; confirming perhaps that they really used to have more distinction than the nice young things of the current crop, who so often look like peas out of a pod.

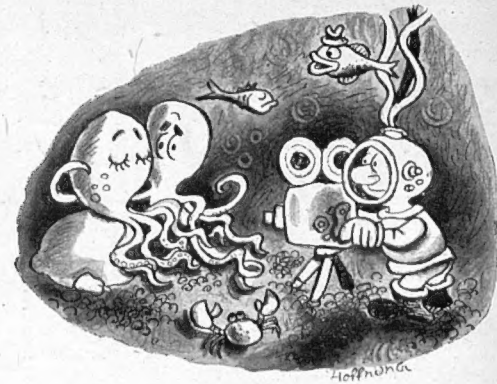
FOR British films those were the bad old days when we could only tolerate them by, in the words of John Marks, "the easy expedient of hardly ever seeing a British film and of appreciating the ones we do see as whole-heartedly as patriotism checked by conscience will allow." There at least we may claim some progress.

Hollywood was experimenting with Shakespeare, with opera stars, with Technicolor. Most of the watchmen viewed Warner's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and M-G-M's *Romeo and Juliet* with fascinated horror, though Graham Greene could spare praise for Leslie Howard's and Norma Shearer's speaking of verse, even from "a balcony so high that Juliet should really have conversed with Romeo in shouts like a sailor from the crow's nest sighting land." Since then, *Henry V* has shown that Shakespeare can be filmed—and in Technicolor; though Don Herald may not have been wrong when, reviewing *Becky Sharp*, he said: "Colour is just one more thing to get the producers' minds off their real job."

All the watchmen's wit at the expense of screen prima donnas cannot finally persuade me that musicals with opera stars are any worse than composer's biographies without a musical star. When Otis Ferguson wrote about Grace Moore in *One Night of Love and Love Me Forever* under the heading "Love Me Some Other Time," he had not seen *Song of Love*, with Katharine Hepburn as Clara Schumann and Robert Walker as Brahms; or *A Song to Remember* with Cornel Wilde as Chopin and Merle Oberon as George Sand.

Recovery of this precious book has restored to me a comforting sense of continuity. The cinema has lost some names, made others; forgotten how to laugh, learned to talk English. Films still present the same problems to all of us whom Meyer Levin calls "sourpuss commentators who . . . are really soft souls with an anxious love for the cinema." With Levin "we go along protesting that the tripe doesn't really count, and keeping alive that little flame of faith in the possibility of the movie;" although most of us gratefully accept what Ferguson calls "Hollywood's Half a Loaf", and agree with him: "Movie people tend to understand things in surface terms rather than basic principles. But their command of surfaces is supreme."

CONTEMPORARY "night watchmen" have been privileged to see privately and for the first time a film which was being put together eleven years ago: the English version of *Olympiad*:



*Festival of the Nations*, Leni Riefenstahl's official German picture of the 1936 Olympic Games held in Berlin. It has not been shown publicly here, and there is no certainty that it will be. Four hours of an eleven-year-old super news-reel is an ordeal of Teutonic thoroughness, even if this year's Olympiad lends it a revived news value. I was lucky to see it in two parts, for the abbreviated version would omit some of the most impressive events from a picture of remarkable interest, both pictorial and historic.

Wonderful photography, especially in the stadium, has extracted the essence of each event. Masterly editing and a wholly apt musical score sustain not only the excitement, but the illusion of seeing the whole Olympiad from a far better view than any seat in any stadium could offer.

It is most strange to see Hitler and Goering in their prime, presiding benignly over the international festival, Hitler only occasionally betraying undue anxiety for the success of a German competitor, or puzzled embarrassment when an American Negro runner puts his arm round the shoulder of his *Herrenvolk* opponent. It seems paradoxical, too, to see in a Nazi setting this gathering of international good will, "for the honour of our country and the glory of sport," which yet visibly rouses such frenzies of competitive nationalism.

Historical irony, however, and personal distaste for the ritual of sport carried to such a pitch of organized hysteria, could not dull natural response to the primitive excitement of fiercely fought finishes; or to the beauty of some of Fraulein Riefenstahl's pictorial composition.

AT the Empire, *The Swordsman* is the only brand-new film of the week. Tartan Technicolor apart, it might have been made at any time in the history of the cinema. For this is the type of schoolboy annual in costume in which, at various times, Errol Flynn and the Fairbankses, father and son, have taken a running jump at their galloping steed, mown down the Bad Men of the rival clan and carried off its beautiful princess.

Larry Parks, who made his name impersonating Al Jolson, is a surprising choice for this heroic role, but he brandishes his claymore with gusto, and his would-be Scots accent jars no more than many English actor's attempts at regional accents. The film is festooned in tartan: tartan credit titles, tartan pall, tartan breeks; and neither Glowans nor MacArdens seem to take a meal or pay a call with less than a hundred pipers an' a'—playing variations on the Keel Row credited to Friedhofer and Stoloff.

The High Sierras look very unlike the Cairngorms; and the sun-baked California sandy ridges are visibly parched for Highland rain. Ellen Drew's seventeenth century gowns contrive a New Look neckline; and the whole charade deserves a warm welcome from parents anywhere—outside Scotland.

BONNIE

PRINCE CHARLIE

The story of one of history's most tragic rebellions, the '45, is now under production by London Films. It is in Technicolor and Anthony Kimmins is directing. Prince Charles Stuart (the Young Pretender) is played by David Niven, with Margaret Leighton as Flora Macdonald and Judy Campbell as Clementina Walkinshaw, and a long and distinguished supporting cast includes Finlay Currie, John Laurie, Jack Hawkins and Morland Graham. The action of the film, which takes place in France, Scotland and England, covers the Prince's delusive early successes, the retreat from Derby, the massacre at Culloden and Charles's final flight back into exile. In this scene Charles is seen thanking a lady of the French court (Louise Gainsborough) for arranging for him to see the King in secret. Tullibardine (Finlay Currie) waits nearby







*George Bilaukin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Bassano

H.E. the Polish  
Ambassador, M. Jerzy  
Michalowsky

The musical soirées here are enjoyed because Ambassadors and Ministers have room to move about freely and unhampered. They can exchange confidences, impressions and single-sentence messages that are cabled far the same night, in an intimate, cordial atmosphere. Outsiders are generally absent.

**BOYISH** Michalowsky is thirty-eight, and expresses gratitude for the thanks of colleagues in English or French, Russian or German, but sometimes he glances beyond and above the guests. There are memories this night, harrowing for the host, of five-and-a-half years under German guards. To certain folk, Germany's future is of academic interest. To a Pole, as to a Frenchman, Germany is always neurosis number one. For so often Poland's lamp has been dimmed, often almost extinguished.

Now the Russians have provisionally taken 69,500 square miles, east of the Curzon Line, and Poland has been compensated in Eastern Germany's provinces with 40,400 square miles. But what compensation is possible for the 6,000,000 Poles, 90 per cent. of them civilians, murdered by the Nazis in gas chambers and otherwise, merely because they were Poles or Jews?

**MICHALOWSKY'S** career is one of the most astonishing in London. Born in Kieff to a barrister and a physician, he left the Ukraine for Warsaw in 1921, to secure a degree in law. He specialised in housing and compensation law, held municipal office and wrote books. A lieutenant in the artillery in September 1939, he was one of a batch of Poles to invade Nazi territory, in East Prussia, for two hours. After being besieged for twelve days his three batteries, each of four guns, received orders to move south, to Lvov. They were captured, and Michalowsky spent nearly six years behind bars, mostly with 6000 officers in Woldenburg, between Stettin and Posen. ("Destiny has restored the place to Poland.")

**I**N January 1945, when the Russians approached, the prisoners were marched for five days. Every evening four officers assembled a hidden transmitter and signalled their position to the Allies. On the fifth night the Poles, helping the Russians, lost forty killed, for they had begun the struggle with only thirty or forty revolvers. Inside an hour the Germans surrendered.

The prisoners marched towards Warsaw, some borrowing bicycles and others obtaining rides on lorries. In Warsaw Michalowsky knew not a soul. About three hundred people seemed alive among the ruins. Within two months he was at work, in the city's housing department. For five or six months he wandered about in his old uniform, then obtained a civilian suit. In this he flew to London and Paris on housing affairs. Then work as Counsellor of Embassy in London, with the Preparatory Commission of U.N., and in January 1946, with the General Assembly and Security Council as delegate. The days of terror under Germany were (incredibly) over.

**I**N one of the graceful salons of an impressive embassy in Portland Place the guests enjoy a concert of Christmas carols and seventeenth-century church music. This is an evening to remember, and heads of most of the fifty missions at St. James's and their ladies wait patiently to congratulate the host, His Excellency Mons. Jerzy Michalowsky, from Poland, youngest Ambassador in Great Britain. Lights are subdued, and the original oak beams add effectively to the solemn setting.



"All This is Ended," at the  
St. James's

Gen. Sir William Slim, of 14th Army fame, with Lady Slim  
and their son, Capt. J. Slim



Mr. Hugh Beaumont with Margaret Rawlings  
and her husband, Sir Robert Barlow



Mr. Dwight Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. George  
Bishop arriving for the show



Mr. Prendergast and Baroness Ravensdale, who  
is the eldest daughter of the late Viscount Curzon



Sir John and Lady Anderson. Sir John is  
chairman of the Port of London Authority



"The Relapse," at the  
Phoenix

Mr. B. Meyer, Norah Swinburne, who has recently been  
appearing in "Honour and Obedience" at the Saville,  
Mr. R. Faulkner and Mrs. Arthur Claver

## First-Nighters



## Priscilla in Paris

### Homage to Colette



THIS week we have had the pleasure of singing "Happy Birthday to You" to a very Grand Old Lady of Letters whose innumerable friends and admirers have been celebrating her seventy-fifth anniversary. Mme. Colette's novels and other writings have been translated into many languages and are as well known in England as in France. She is a Commander of the Legion of Honour, the only woman member of the Académie Goncourt and, although I mention it last, it does not come least in my estimation of her greatness, is one of the greatest lovers of animals and nature that I have ever known.

Mme. Colette lives in a seventeenth-century house which has been converted into flats. The high windows look down upon the gardens of the Palais-Royal, where Cardinal Richelieu held court and which is now the happy playground of the children of the quarter. Mme. Colette, Polaire—who was the stage protagonist of Claudine, Mme. Colette's most famous heroine—Cécile Sorel and Mistinguett could all have been "girls together" in the early 'nineties, but Mme. Colette, in her quiet country home, only heard of these famous ladies when she married and came to Paris in 1893.

Polaire, who died a few years ago, was then singing at the Alcazar; Mme. Sorel had not yet forsaken the musical-comedy stage and made her way to the Comédie Française; while Mistinguett, who was then known as Miss Tinguett (she informs us in her Mémoires that somebody had told her she "looked so English"!), was beginning to make her reputation at some of the smaller *cafés-chantants*. The other evening at a première I reminded "Mis" of those days of which Parisian theatrical history often speaks and told her how well I remember, somewhere around 1904 or 1905, seeing her at the Palace Theatre in London, when she appeared there after her first big successes at the Paris Scala, but she looked at me "old-fashioned-like" and we spoke of other things.

WHEN the news of Gandhi's death reached us, France, with the rest of the world, was shocked and saddened. Since it is one of the most difficult tasks in the world—for most of us—to "turn the other cheek" rather than meet violence with violence, it seems, on this occasion, harder than ever to follow the grand old man's precepts of kindness, fasting and prayer.

We still show a certain amount of kindness as we struggle along, but fasting and prayer—I mean honest prayer, and not only the official, Easter-Sunday kind that precedes showing-off the new hat at church parade—seem to be in a pretty bad way. Heaven knows that fasting would solve quite a few of our problems and give a bat in the eye to the Black Market racketeers. These merchants, at the time of writing, are not too happy. M. Schuman's Government has certainly stolen a march on them by calling in the 5000-fr. currency notes. The petty annoyances caused to the masses by this sudden measure are fully compensated by the thought that many unduly enriched fishwives who have been paying their bloated way with thick slabs of 5-mille notes will now have to slow up a bit.

## Voilà!

At a recent party two charming actresses were holding forth anent Man's fidelity. "Eve was the only woman who could be sure of her man," said Martine Carroll. "Yes," answered Jacqueline Delubac, wittily, "but, even so, she must have counted Adam's ribs every morning and checked up on them at night!"



The Chief of Air Staff, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, and Lady Tedder



Capt. Bruce Seton, who is a brother of Lady Tedder, and Mrs. Bruce Seton

## at Three Plays



Gladys Cooper, who took a leading part in the play, with Gertrude Countess of Dudley



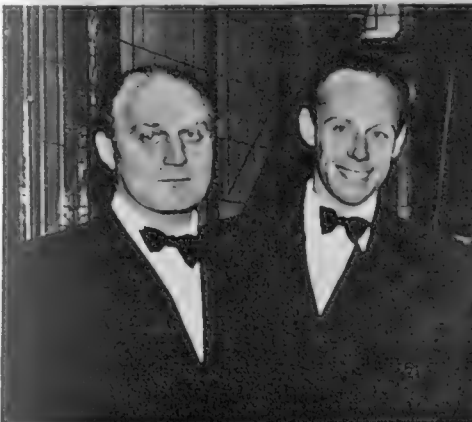
Peter Ustinov, the author, and Mrs. Peter Ustinov in the foyer



Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. H. Buckmaster, who is a daughter of Lord Ashfield



Mr. Rodney Millington and Miss Margaretta Scott were also among the audience



"The Indifferent Shepherd," at the Criterion

Mr. Stanley Bell and Mr. Sewell Stokes, and Miss Sally Cooper and Mrs. Robert Manley, who are daughters of Gladys Cooper







**H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth** recently opened the Chevrons Club for past and present non-commissioned officers in the three Services—her first public appearance in London since her wedding. She is seen talking to Sgt. Derbyshire, Royal Marines, of Portsmouth, at the ceremony. The Club occupies three houses in Dorset Square, N.W., which were made available through a Trust Fund. Mr. Edward Terrell, Recorder of Newbury, who is the chairman, has been largely responsible for the creation of the new club

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

WITH the Court back from Norfolk, Queen Mary in residence at Marlborough House, and Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh comfortably installed at Kensington Palace, London seems itself again. The presence of Their Majesties at the Palace invariably gives a fillip to private entertaining, especially when with Investitures on the King's diary, many of those who have newly-received honours give parties to celebrate.

To be decorated in private by His Majesty adds a distinction to any honour. It is usually reserved for personal friends of the Royal Family, and only rarely is any woman outside the immediate Court circle received in private audience to be invested with the insignia of an Order. This signal honour went recently to two women, famous in very different spheres, each of whom received the high distinction of being made a Companion of Honour. One was Miss Sackville-West, the famous authoress, the other Miss Margaret Bondfield, the first woman to attain Cabinet rank, when she was Minister of Labour under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Two others also decorated in private by the King were recipients of knighthoods in the Royal Victorian Order, Dr. Alan Don, the Dean of Westminster, who was awarded the K.C.V.O. in recognition of his splendid work in connection with the wedding of Princess Elizabeth, and Mr. Clive Burn, the distinguished-looking, imperturbable secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall.

On Wednesday, March 24th, His Majesty holds the second Investiture of the year, the first to be held at Buckingham Palace on a day other than Tuesday for many years. Reason for the choice of a Wednesday is that the King

has so many engagements and audiences this spring that every Tuesday from now until the end of May is already occupied. A few war decorations will be given at this Investiture, as well as the honours awarded at the New Year, which will make up the bulk of the list, but practically all the arrears of war awards have now been overtaken, and the weekly Investitures which have been a feature of Palace routine since early in the war are now a thing of the past.

MRS. ERNEST BEVIN, wearing a blue-feathered hat and grey fur coat, opened the exhibition of paintings by H.R.H. Princess Fahrünnissa Zeid el Hussein which are being shown at the St. George's Gallery in Grosvenor Street until the end of this month. The Iraqi Ambassador was there to see his wife's paintings, and other members of the Corps Diplomatique I saw in the very crowded rooms were the Chinese Ambassador with Mme. Cheng Tien-Hsi and their daughter, the Dominican Minister and Mme. Pastoriza, and the High Commissioner for Pakistan and Mme. Rahimtoola. Princess Fahrünnissa Zeid, who looked charming in black with a shaded blue veiling hat and magnificent gold filigree earrings and brooch studded with precious stones, escorted Mrs. Bevin around the paintings, which included some very clever pictures. I especially liked a gouache called "Bosphoros," which was a delightfully intricate panorama with the sea a wonderful green. I was amazed when the artist told me it had only taken her a week to do. There is a large canvas called "Life Of A Man," which is intriguing in all its detail, and a charming study in ink of Bedouin women, in which the artist has got the rhythm of their movements beautifully.

Many old friends went to the first night at the Criterion Theatre to welcome Gladys Cooper back to the London stage after an absence of ten years, and the applause when she made her first appearance held up the action for several minutes. She plays the part of a vicar's wife in *The Indifferent Shepherd*, a new play by Peter Ustinov.

Among those I saw in the audience were Gladys Cooper's two daughters, Joan, now Mrs. Robert Morley, wearing a red dress under a lovely mink coat, and Sally, who wore an off-the-shoulder black dress under a short mink jacket; sitting near her was Gertrude Countess of Dudley, wearing a chinchilla coat, and in the same row were Mr. William Dwight Whitney and his attractive wife, Adrienne Allen, wearing a lovely ruby-and-diamond choker with her gold and white lamé evening dress, and mink coat. Margaretta Scott, looking very attractive, came next. Just in front was Lady du Maurier with her eldest daughter Angela; they were greeting many friends in the intervals. Rose Marchioness of Headfort I saw in the front row of the stalls, as were also Sir Louis and Lady Sterling and Lady Orr-Lewis.

IN the boxes I noticed Viscount and Viscountess Bridport, the latter wearing a jewel-studded black dress. On the other side, in a box, were Mr. Henry Sherek with his attractive wife and the author, whom few people in the audience can have noticed, as he sat at the back of the box. Also in the audience I saw Lord Gifford, whose photograph we published in a recent issue at a first-night accompanied by Lady Craven, widow of Sir Derek Craven, whom we incorrectly described as the Countess of Craven—we apologise to both ladies for the error.



THERE has been great rejoicing in Kent and Sussex at the birth of a son and heir to that popular and good-looking young couple the Earl and Countess of Lewes. The Earl is the son and heir of the Marquess of Abergavenny, who owns many hundreds of acres in this part of the country and is head of the big family of Nevill whose lineage goes back to Norman times. Gilbert de Nevill, a companion in arms of William the Conqueror, founded the Nevill family, which gained the reputation of being "To mediæval England what the Douglas was to Scotland." Sir Edward Nevill became the first Baron Bergavenny in 1450. The title changed to Abergavenny when Henry, the ninth Baron, succeeded his father in 1622, and George, the seventeenth Baron, advanced to the dignities of Viscount Nevill (the title now held by the new baby) and Earl of Abergavenny in 1784. The Marquisate was created in 1876 when the fifth Earl became first Marquess of Abergavenny.

The Earl of Lewes joined the Life Guards as a regular soldier before the war; he served with the regiment and held several Staff appointments during hostilities. Now he finds farming takes up most of his time. Last year he took on the joint-Mastership of the Eridge Hounds, which have had a close connection with the Nevill family for many years. The Countess of Lewes is the fourth of Major Jack and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison's seven attractive daughters, and married the Earl of Lewes in 1938.

THE American Women's Club gave a delightful cocktail-party at their charming house in Upper Brook Street to welcome back to London Mrs. Lewis Douglas and her daughter, Sharman, who had been over to the States for Christmas and a few weeks' holiday. The American Ambassador was not able to come to the party as he was still in America, where he has been kept busy in connection with the Marshall Plan. Mrs. Beecroft, president of the Club, received the guests with Mrs. Douglas, who looked as chic as usual in black with a spray of yellow orchids pinned on her dress.

Among the guests I met were Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys. The latter told me that the Autumn Fair she ran at the Dorchester in November had raised the splendid sum of nearly £13,000 for the Victory Ex-Services Club Fund. This meant a lot of work for Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who only a fortnight previously had, with the help of her good committee, raised nearly £30,000 with the Annual Royal Film Performance for the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund. Nearly £13,000 for charity in a few weeks is an outstanding effort.

MR. GALLMAN, Counsellor at the U.S. Embassy, was at the party with his charming wife; Sir Egerton Hammond-Graeme came alone; Mrs. Warren Pearl was meeting many friends, and her daughter Susan, who was looking so pretty, told me she was off to Villars, in Switzerland, with her brother-in-law and sister, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, who were also at the party. Mr. George Tait brought his tall wife, who is busy furnishing their new flat in Grosvenor Square.

Others at the party enjoying the delicious American snacks included Lord Wakehurst, Mme. de Rosales, Lady Emmot, Sir William and Lady Reid Dick, Mrs. David Thomasson, Lady Salter, Mrs. Florence Bishop, Lady Hodder Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Max Muller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Salisbury, and Mrs. Curtis-Brown, who is a past president of this Club.

LADY SUENSON-TAYLOR, chairman of the gala matinee in aid of the Appeal for the British Council for Rehabilitation which H.M. Queen Mary has promised to attend at the Scala Theatre on Saturday next, February 21st, presided at the committee meeting at 10, Downing Street, when Mrs. Attlee, the president, made her first appearance since her operation and was given a great welcome. The matinee is to be a performance of *The Lilac Domino* given by the very good Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society. Tickets, varying in price from 10 guineas to 3s., can be obtained from Western 5630.



*Their Majesties at the Wolferton Pumping Station, on the Sandringham Estate, on the occasion of its opening by the King. His Majesty, who gave the land for the station, pioneered the draining of Wolferton Marshes in the interests of food production during the war, and now 6000 acres are bearing crops*

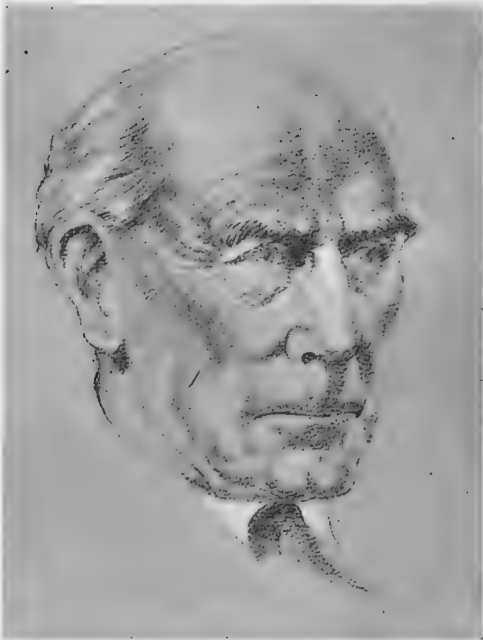


## Self-Profile

## Lewis Casson

"... the twenty-five years before, and the forty-five years after, I took to the theatre ..."

by *Lewis Casson*



Drawing by P. Youngman Carter

I SEEM to remember a physiognomist who said that our profile showed what God meant us to be and the full face what we had made of it. Your artist has made a compromise, apparently under the same doubt as myself what God meant me to be; for I started half-a-dozen careers before settling down in the theatre. Engineering first, in the machine-shop of a small foundry, then organ-building in my father's factory, then a chemical engineering student, an elementary school teacher with a view to being a parson, a college tutor, and then back to organ-building (I even took out a patent), and all the time acting, always acting.

I played Orlando, or some of it, at the age of seven, and Cox in an abbreviated *Box and Cox* at eight. True, they were only family shows, but they were thoroughly done, and since then I doubt if I have ever been without some more or less public performance in preparation or prospect. But conscience or caution kept me from taking the professional plunge till I was twenty-five, and even then I held on for a bit to the other rope. Reviewing those early days has set me thinking of the many dear people who have helped to make whatever I have made of my full-face during the twenty-five years before, and the forty-five years after, I took to the theatre. Masfield's lines come back to me.

I think of the friends that are dead, who were dear long ago in the past. Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last.

## Bringers of Gifts

FROM my Welsh ancestors I suppose I got my Celtic temperament and certain eminently Welsh characteristics, not necessarily admirable. To my mother I owe, I suppose, my robust health and long life and my rather worrying conscience. My father gave me my love of tools, the lathe, chisel, plane and file, the use of my hands and my love of music. His two gods were Sims Reeves and W. T. Best, the great organist (I have heard Henry Wood and my father agreeing that they would walk barefoot to Liverpool to hear him play again). So I must have got from him my passionate love of phrasing as a means of expression.

Next I put Owen Breden, the Vice-Principal and organist of St. Mark's, Chelsea, in my time, for his humanity, his humour and his selfless service (I fancy quite a lot of him has crept into Professor Linden), and J. R. Thomas, my classics tutor, who gave me my little Greek, and my social conscience. He taught me the Socialism of "Merrie England" and Keir Hardie, the Socialism of giving, not of getting. I sometimes feel that religious fervour of theirs is passing to the Communists, who are willing to sacrifice freedom to it.

Bernard Shaw came later with his more intellectual approach, brought to my notice by a young actor who became the dramatist H. F. Maltby. Next, I want to remember

Charles Fry, under whom I played, as a semi-professional, some hundred Shakespeare parts, from second murderer to Hotspur and Romeo. Fry was a well-known Victorian elocutionist (and editor of *Musical Times*), but he ran annually a season of Shakespearean matinees at St. George's Hall, principally for Schools for Young Ladies too well conducted to be allowed to patronise the regular theatre. He was the pioneer, too, of Shakespeare for the masses.

I well remember the excitement of presenting *Hamlet* in a Whitechapel swimming-bath to an audience to whom the play was absolutely new. In that company, too, I had the honour of giving the first recorded performance of the part of Troilus. Charles Fry was a fine actor in the best and sincerest form of stylised rhetorical playing, a tradition that has almost disappeared in favour of a naturalism that can be just as "ham" and standardised and is often much less effective.

## Turn of the Century

NEXT came one of the few stage geniuses that have crossed my path, William Poel, who has left his mark on every stage production of Shakespeare since his time by his insistence on continuity, the full text and the platform stage, and by his faith in Shakespeare's skill as a craftsman as well as a poet.

That brings me to his most distinguished disciple, Granville Barker, whom I first met in 1903 when Acton Bond recommended me for Eglamour in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which Barker was producing. I was with him for the next four years as one of the nucleus stock company at the Court during the famous Vedrinne-Barker season that put Shaw and Galsworthy on the map, and returned to him for the Frohman Repertory in 1910. So much has been written of him lately that I need say little but register my eternal gratitude and affection. I have never known anyone else who could inspire the same loyalty, devotion

and enthusiasm. His retirement thirty years ago was a greater blow to the British theatre than any death in my time. His Prefaces indicate the work he might have done. Those three—Fry, Poel and Barker—laid the foundations of anything I know, but I owe much to two others, the warm humanity and laughter of Rosina Filippi, and the knowledge, efficiency and iron discipline of Dion Boucicault, with his insistence on the actor's personal duty of holding the attention of the audience.

## In Management

WHO else? Bruce Winston, whom I met in *Cyrano* just after what we then pathetically called the Great War. His generous, adventurous spirit, his love of colour in life and in the theatre broke down much of my caution and puritanism, and we were close friends till his death. We were partners in our first management, when Charles Gulliver offered us the Holborn for matinees of *The Trojan Women*, and for years he designed and dressed all our productions.

And managers? Miss Horniman, who gave me my first chance of running a theatre at the Gaiety, Manchester. A difficult woman, of high ideals in the theatre and much generosity, but subject to sudden and unpredictable prejudices and caprices. And Jose Levy, who gave me some of my happiest years in London's Grand Guignol at the Little in the early 'twenties. Jose was an ideal manager, helpful and critical, but never interfering. Lady Wyndham, too, was a very good friend to us, and her offer of a partnership set us going in West End management. It was our third production in that season, *The Cenci* and Sybil's performance in it, that stimulated Shaw to write *Saint Joan* for her. But by the time we produced it in 1924 we had been in partnership with her son, Bronson Albery, for more than a year.

That brings me at last to someone who is still alive! I was beginning to think that contact with me had been invariably fatal. Our partnership with "Bronnie" was very happy and fruitful, but I'm sure he found us a difficult and cantankerous pair to manage. I still feel guilty that we broke with him to go to South Africa in 1928. But he still remains the same faithful friend and counsellor to us as he is to all the theatre.

## One-Man Whirlwind

THEN there is that little Irish firebrand Tom Kealy, who would never forgive me if I left him out. He was Sybil's greatest champion when she was doing war service in the early Old Vic days. With whips and scorpions he drove managers like C. B. Cochran and Seymour Hicks to see her work; compelled Hannen Swaffer and Archie Haddon to write columns about her, and at length talked Leon M. Lion into giving her a West End lead. When I was out of the Army he rested not day nor night until he had got us into management, and he stayed with us for years. He, too, is still going strong in the London theatre.

Then there's Sybil. But I must leave her to you. You all know her, and if you can't imagine what our long partnership has been, I can't help you. We have never ceased to argue, criticise, fight and enthuse on every phase and aspect of our beloved theatre. And if that hasn't left its mark on my face, that physiognomist is a liar.



Houston Rogers

"Would it really matter to you if I wasn't here next week?" Professor Linden (Lewis Casson) asks his students (Carmel McSharry and Terence Soall) in *"The Linden Tree"*



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In Hamburg Weststadt, Hamburg, am 1. April 1941.

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*extra rilard*

Sie versichert sich aber, dass Sachs ihn nicht bemerkte, obgleich er sich auf dem Rücken des hinteren Werktischs beim Laden und unter suchte seinen Inhalt, er hätte ihn  
 life is reversed as Sachs does not see him and stops in, places a basket on his shoulder, on  
 the work bench at back by the door, and examines its contents. He takes out flowers and  
 scherando

*[Faint handwritten text]*

2) класс

und Plätzchen kramt sie auf dem Tische aus, und findet endlich auf dem Grunde eine Wurst und einen  
 and at last finds at the bottom a sausage and a cake; she prepares

...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...

Devised and photographed by Angus McBean

KARL  
RANKL

Composer-conductor Karl Rankl, musical director of the Covent Garden Opera Company, is now, at forty-seven, in command of his third operatic venture. Driven from being Klemperer's assistant at the Berlin Opera by the Nazis, he became director of the Graz Opera in his native Austria, where, in the course of four years, he enhanced his already considerable reputation. In 1937 he became director of the German Opera in Prague, where he remained until the Occupation, when he escaped, only with difficulty and great hardship, to England. While resident in Oxford he completed his Third Symphony; but he is known mostly in this country by his songs and chamber music.





The meet of the Hertfordshire at "Stocks" was a great event for the girls, who enjoyed themselves making friends with the hounds. Among those in the foreground are Mandy Martin-Smith, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Eric Martin-Smith, Serena Sheffield, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Reginald Barclay Sheffield, and Elizabeth Wilts, daughter of Major-Gen. F. Wilts, Lieut-Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

## BRONDESBURY SCHOOL (NOW AT "STOCKS") WERE HOSTS TO THE HERTFORDSHIRE FOXHOUNDS



The Hon. Mrs. R. C. Faulconer, wife of the Joint-Master, and the headmistress of Brondesbury, Miss K. Forbes-Dunlop

BRONDESBURY-AT-STOCKS had all the thrill of a visit from the Hertfordshire Hunt recently, when, through the offices of the Hunt Secretary, Major C. T. Middleton, a meet was arranged there. The field was received by the headmistress, Miss Forbes-Dunlop, and Miss Rose, and many members of the school followed on foot, while five of the girls hunted their own ponies. After the kill the mask was presented to the school. There are excellent opportunities for riding at Brondesbury, for girls are allowed to bring their own ponies with them, looking after them themselves.

"Stocks," which is a fine early Georgian house standing in wide grounds, was owned by the former Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who sold it to the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist. She lived there for many years and extensively rebuilt the house, including the front façade. It was the home of the well-known artist, Miss Maude Parker, until the school took it over four years ago. The neighbourhood is associated with Sir Walter Scott, who was

staying in the original house (now farm cottages) when he wrote *Ivanhoe*, and it is said that Ivinghoe Beacon nearby gave him the idea for the name of the novel.

Another aspect of historical interest is that the Buckinghamshire Archaeological Society recently unearthed a record dated 1533 which suggests that in the school's kitchen garden there is an ancient tilting-ground on which felons had to undergo "trial by battle."

Brondesbury is one of the oldest girls' schools in this country, having been founded by Miss Margaret Clarke at the Manor House, Brondesbury, North London, in 1865. There are fifty-one girls at the school of ages ranging from twelve to seventeen. Among some former pupils are the Marchioness of Cambridge, Lady Raglan and the Rt. Hon. Florence Horsbrugh. A welcome visitor who came to stay at "Stocks" for the occasion of the meet was Miss M. F. Abbott, the Principal, who was headmistress from 1916 to 1938.





*Hounds in the park at "Stocks," which is in the beautiful old village of Aldbury, near Tring, adjoining Ashridge Park*



*Colonel R. C. Faulconer, M.C., who has been Joint-Master of the Hertfordshire since 1943, and his wife, who is the sister of Viscount Knutsford*



*Three of the five members of the school who were out on their own ponies were Jacqueline de Larrinaga, Sally Collier and Rosemary Martino, with the riding mistress, Miss Jean Bower*



*The hounds enjoyed the attentions of Susan Palmer, Susan Dunborn and Lady Sophy Gathorne-Hardy, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook, while Patricia Hedley looked on*



*Shena Hilleary, eldest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. K. M. Hilleary, Sheila Blossie-Lynch, Daphne Merriitt and Gill Coates followed on foot*



*Carola Verney, daughter of Col. Ulick Verney, of the British Embassy in Paris, Elizabeth Lingard-Guthrie, Mary McCorquodale, Janet Barclay, Venetia Doyle, and Jane Walters*



"The Tatler" calls upon—

## SIR NEVILE AND LADY BLAND AT THE HAGUE

The British Ambassador to the Netherlands is a diplomat of the old school. Sir Neville Bland, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., was born at Wisbech, Cambs., and educated at Eton, where he rowed in the College eight, and at King's College, Cambridge. He joined the Foreign Office in 1911

and after holding a series of highly responsible posts with great success, went to Brussels as Counsellor and in 1938 to Holland as Minister. The mission was raised to Embassy status after the Dutch Government came to London. Sir Neville returned to Holland soon after its liberation



*Sir Neville and Lady Bland in the magnificent drawing-room—reminiscent of the cool clarity of a Vermeer or Jan. Steen interior—of the British Embassy*

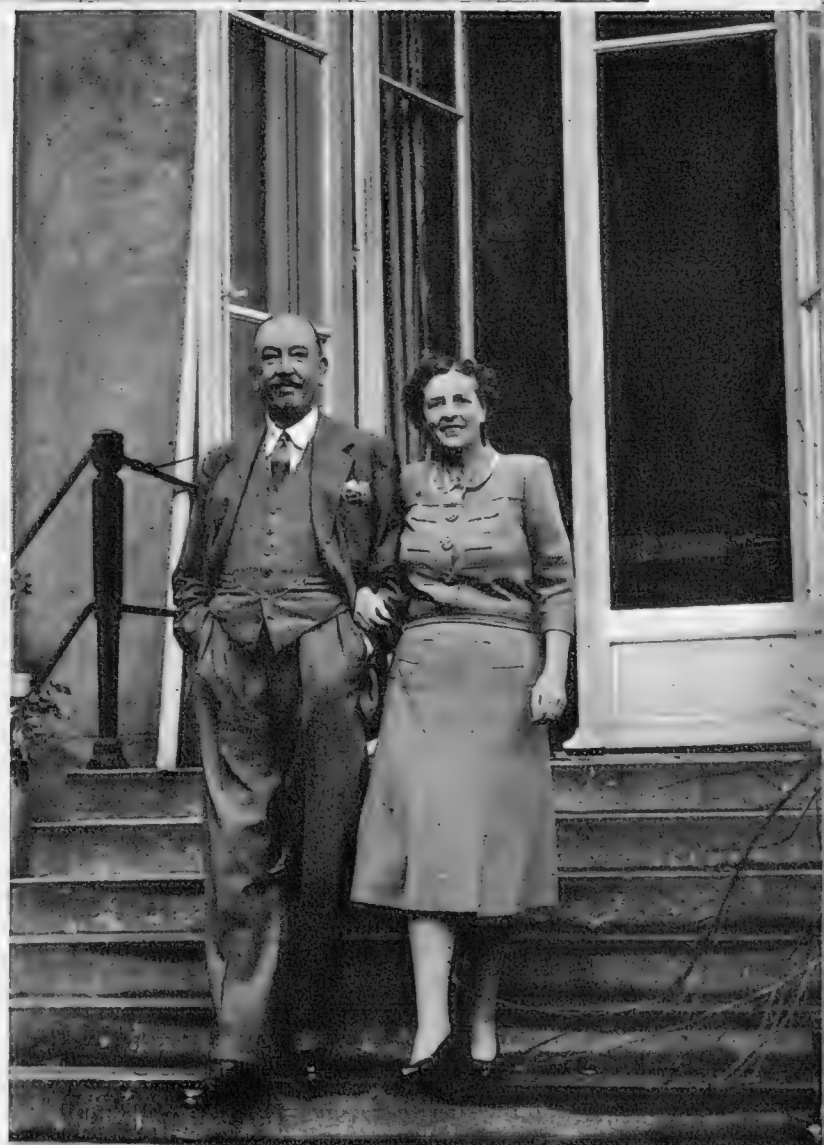




Ambassador and Lady Bland listen with amusement while a secretary suggests plots to their guest, the novelist Edith Oliver



Lady Bland arranging flowers. She is a daughter of the late Canon Edward Bickersteth Outley of the distinguished clerical family



Going for a stroll in the garden on a pleasant afternoon. Both Sir Neville and Lady Bland are keen horticulturists



# EMMWOOD'S WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 7)

A prudent and industrious fowl which frequently acts as sentry for the somnolent flock enjoying happy dreams



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations  
by Wysard]

## Standing By ...

SHAKESPEARE  
*Gloire du Peuple Britannique*  
(*Qui s'en fiche pas mal*  
*De ce coco-là.*)

Acidosis, we thought charitably.

### Bureaucrat

LIKE a whiff of the Eighteenth Century came a fragrant little news-paragraph in an evening paper beginning: "Albert Pierrepont, Britain's official executioner, began the hanging of 21 German war-criminals today in the fairy-tale town of Hamelin . . ."

Tyburn Tree (Deadly Nevergreen, or the Three-Legged Mare) could take 24 clients at a time, but as Mr. Pierrepont's official predecessors—mostly bearing the name Jack Ketch—had to do all their work by hand, it took some time. Boredom may therefore explain the misfortune of that Mr. Ketch of Queen Anne's time who got drunk one night, kicked a gingerbread-woman to death in Moorfields, and was himself hanged in chains in the fairy-tale suburb of Holloway. The Civil Service has never lived this disgrace down. We mention it to remind you that a bureaucrat may suddenly run berserk. Nowadays its usual expression is the carrying of a carelessly-rolled umbrella through the streets, though sometimes it takes the form (cf., among the big boys, Austin Dobson, Humbert Wolfe, and half a dozen more) of Literature.

### Afterthought

JUST to show the pitiful cowardice of critics, I need one add that no Civil Service poet or litterateur has ever been charged by any critic with using Government stationery, pens, ink, blotting-paper, rulers, string, gum, and time? There is a Beerbohm cartoon showing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain catching Mr. Dobson at a ballade during working-hours in the Board of Trade, but is this enough? Yours faithfully, "Disgusted."

### Romancero

ONE of the charmingest bedtime-stories ever told by Auntie Times (and Heaven knows that old haybag is often as entrancing as Hans Andersen) was a recent one about the origin of the Fair Isle jumper, the brilliant colour-schemes of which were apparently taught to the natives by survivors from an Armada galleon wrecked between Orkney and Shetland. It's a story which Fernando de Herrera or

THAT salty little Navy League *exposé* in the Press, pointing out—if you saw it—that at this moment the British Navy is completely powerless to defend these islands, though the public is not allowed to know it, recalled the refrain of a satiric Ballade of General Misapprehension of which we are very fond:

They do not know because they are not told.

However, let us be fair to the boys who select and hand us the hot news. That same morning Dame Shirley Temple had a baby on the front page of most of our leading Organs of Opinion. If the Navy League had consulted a news-value expert at the final moment he would probably have suggested a communiqué beginning:

While the great heart of a free and imperial people beats fondly at the news from Hollywood—for the passing years have barely silvered those erstwhile golden curls or lined those roseleaf cheeks, and at 18 the Dame is still a hallowed memory—let us not forget today that the rejoicings of our sailors are not untinged, alas, with melancholy. For Britain has no battleships; only two aircraft carriers; only eleven cruisers (etc., etc.).

That might not have made the front page, but it might well have got into Page Four, next to the story of how Mrs. Grammitt cured her sore leg with GUMPO.

### Hooha

PARISIAN admirers of Shakespeare are raising funds, we note, to replace the Shakespeare statue near St. Augustin, which the Boche removed. It was not a very striking monument, yet compared with London's sole specimen it was a Michelangelo honey.

An admirably satiric footnote to the prevailing hooha about Our Shakespeare Heritage is that scrubby little confection in Leicester Square, a copy (somebody once told us) of the Fontana effort in Westminster Abbey, and the gift to the Race of a foreign admirer. The local sparrows pay it far more attention than the citizenry, and it looks twice as forlorn since the Alhambra was pulled down and a Babylonian film-fortress took its place; for the Alhambra had a raffish Falstaffian charm, and saucy little Edwardian dishes in picture-hats and feather boas would often give the Bard a friendly wink as they flounced to and from the ballet. Today nobody would care if the Swan of Avon wore a bowler hat all over mimosa.

A sourpuss of the French intelligentsia once suggested to us an alternative inscription for the Paris statue:

## The Exporto Pippit—or Osterity Ostrich

(*Niliexporta—Ocainiliimporta*)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above grey-fulvous; pale pink on mandibles, inclined to bluish-ness below beak; beak slightly curved, pinkish; sable tufts above eye-sacs; neck feathers inclined to stiffness; body feathers sombre in colour; legs spindly and patchy; heavy-footed.

**HABITS:** This judicious little bird is but lately returned to its old familiar haunts around and about Westminster. For some years it was thought that the species had migrated to colder climes. The bird still retains many of the steppes it learnt while it sojourned in Asia with the rather sickly Hammer genus. It may easily be picked out from the other warblers by its monotonous cry, a kind of "Exportorstarf!" and its austere demeanour when perched, at times precariously, on a front bench.

The bird feeds exclusively on greenstuffs and has been known to be very offensive towards the carnivorous members of the genus. It has a very irrational habit, when in flight, of swooping down upon other birds and cutting them about the body until they are almost devoid of feathers, with a harsh cry of "Koo-pong, koo-pong!"

**HABITATS:** The bird now nests exclusively in and around Westminster. It had, at one time, a great love for old temples, but so far, unhappily, shows no desire to return to them—which seems a pity, as the bird looks exceptionally pretty when cutting a caper on its perch, or bar. The bird has been found in both Russia and India, but was never able to settle very firmly in those countries.





Saucy little Edwardian dishes . . . Dinty Magnusson and her hidalgo . . . Jack Ketch . . . peculiar Russian habits . . . "The freedom of dear Japan"

Alarcón should have told in verse or prose for Granados or Manuel de Falla to turn into a music-drama called *La Isleta Hermosa*. Rough scenario:

ACT I. A stormy island beach, October 1588. A tall galleon named Nuestra Señora de los Dolores banging to pieces on a reef. Fair Isle locals standing by, whetting knives. A strapping Nordic blonde, Dinty Magnusson, saves one of the survivors from being killed and eaten and bears him to her hut. He is a gallant hidalgo, Don Ramón Maria Magdalena Francisco Xavier Ximenes de Bobadilla y Larranaga.

ACT II. Binding up the Spaniard's wounds, Miss Magnusson finds blood on her knitting. Her family greatly admire the zigzag pattern thus formed. A Mr. Linklater quietly writing a book on a dried shark-skin in the corner says the thing is to encourage Nationalism in Art. . . .

You guess how it develops. The Dawn of Love. Revelation by a dying Spanish cabin-boy that Fair Isle jumper-designs can actually be made without cutting throats, to the locals' dismay. Evening tuition-classes. Ransom and farewell of Don Ramón. Lament of Miss Magnusson, and her vow to dedicate her life henceforth to knitting jumpers. Entry of a Mr. Nussbaum, representing Wendy Woolliwear, Ltd. Goodwill messages from Weldon's and Mr. Linklater. General merrymaking and finale. *Olé!*

### Japonaiserie

AN actress who was Principal Boy in *Aladdin* at a West End theatre forty-five years ago remarked recently that she blushed to remember one of *Aladdin*'s songs, which dealt with the Russo-Japanese war, then in progress:

"For I'm going out to fight  
For the cause of the right,  
And the freedom of Dear Japan!"

Lady, you needn't blush alone (we thought), the Race was with you, including Nanny. In those days the Japanese were the quaintest,

gentlest, most amusing little fellers imaginable, bobbin' round with lanterns and chrysanthemums and simply adorin' us. Another reason Grandpapa preferred them to the Russians, probably, was that peculiar Russian habit at G.H.Q. of having a girl on each knee during the Port Arthur siege; which was not the habit of Drake or Wellington. Had Grandmamma ever heard of an ethical worker named Grigori Rasputin, then rising to power, she might perhaps have veered round a trifle. Such a kind, earnest face!

You ask how the Race got to know the Japanese were such rippin' little chaps? Partly from restless Victorian clergymen and maiden ladies (one of our favourite books in infancy was *Journeys Among the Gentle Japs*, by a Welch Archdeacon), partly from a musical comedy called *The Geisha*, and partly, of course, from the Newspapers.

### Sockeroo

REFLECTING on the decay of manners, a thoughtful girl in one of the weeklies quoted the polite hauteur with which Mr. Darcy (of *Pride and Prejudice*) gives Elizabeth Bennet the bird at the Meryton Ball ("I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men"), but forgot the spirited reaction of Elizabeth's Mamma when this crack was reported to her.

Leaning against the buffet, Mrs. Bennet cried: "Thus to animadvert on the misadventure of a young, virtuous, and accomplished female is disingenuous! Let us girls," cried Mrs. Bennet, swaying slightly, "run across and give this insolent General Tilney a resounding kick in the pantaloon."

"General Tilney is in *Northanger Abbey*, Mamma," murmured Elizabeth laughingly.

"And a fig," cried Mrs. Bennet, seizing a large silver epergne, "for *Northanger Abbey* and *Westminster Abbey* and *Mansfield Park* and *Hyde Park* and *Mansfield (Ltd.)* and Mr. Knightley

and (hic) Knight, Frank, and Rutley, and Mr. Barcy and Mr. Garcy and—*got him!*"

Mr. Darcy's comments on receiving the epergne on his left ear provide a passage of quiet irony familiar to all Jane Austen fans.

### Revolt

A WEARY critic recently crying that there are too many modern poets, and that they are nearly all lousy, seemed to imagine he was the first sufferer to raise this howl. But what of the Accusation of the Poets by the High King of Ireland fourteen centuries ago, as recently set forth by Robert Farren?

I, Aedh Mac Ainmiré, Lord of All Ireland, accuse the order of the poets of greed;

I accuse the poets of looting, of pillaging, and of pride climbing over the seats of the thrones; of crime against their masters, of stirring every brew of mischief with sticks. . . .



Looked round the Carlton Club

Fortunately masterful St. Columba spoke up for those song-birds, or they would have taken a woundy basting. One must add that they were not the kind of whining sissies we get nowadays, but stout hairy roaring poets and civil wee fellas. Nevertheless

there were, and are, far too many of the breed, and decent people never care greatly for them. Hence the revolt of Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister, when forced to choose a Poet Laureate to succeed Tennyson. Recoiling with a shudder from the frightful faces at the Café Royal, Lord Salisbury, in the words of an admirer:

Looked round the Carlton Club, and lightly chose  
Its leading scribe.

He knew Mr. Alfred Austin to be clean, trustworthy, industrious, a genuine clubman, and a stout Conservative. We have never had a Laureate more suitable.

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

FATHER RABBIT noticed with some interest that his young son was looking extremely pleased with himself.

"What's making Junior so bright to-day?" he asked Mother Rabbit when they were alone.

"Oh, he's had a great day in school," she explained. "He learned to multiply."

THE postman looked sad as he carried the letter up to Pat's door. The envelope had a wide black edge, and as he handed it over the postman remarked:

"Looks like bad news, Pat."

The Irishman glanced at the envelope.

"Shure and it is," he cried, "It's me poor brother Mike that's dead. Oi'd know his hand-writin' anywhere."

FROM an essay by a ten-year-old schoolboy: "The cow has six sides: left, right, upper, lower, back and front. . . . Its horns are to butt with and its mouth to moo with. . . . When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing, all its inside is full up of grass. . . . It does not eat much; but it eats twice over so that it gets enough. . . . The cow has a fine sense of smell. You can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country."

A MAN mentioned to an acquaintance that he was a tea-taster by profession.

"A tea-taster!" exclaimed the other. "You can't get much to do these days, surely?"

"Oh, yes, I've got a job in a restaurant. If I can taste any tea they pour in more water."

A WELL-DRESSED man was strolling along a New York street when a shabby-looking man stopped him and asked: "How about a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Why don't you go down there to the Improvement of the Poor?" the man replied, pointing down the street. "They'll give you a cup of coffee and something to eat any time for nothing."

With a hurt look, the beggar retorted: "Say, mister, don't you ever like to eat out?"

He got the dime.

OUTSIDE a Nonconformist chapel there appeared the following notice:

"The Rev. Silas Jones, M.A., will preach on the text 'Thou shalt not steal': Anthem: 'Steal Away.'"



## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

"In my salad days, chaps used to be that superstitious that they would always give a new set of colours a fall on the floor of the dressing-room before going out for a jump race, and even to-day there are some who fully believe that Friday and not the fences is the cause of all the falls in the National"

THE decision concerning Saturday dates for the big events of the racing year has caused no surprise, since it was certain that it would happen. When the ban on mid-week dog-racing was confirmed, the other thing followed as an inevitable sequence, if for no other reason than that the old howl about one sauce for the goose and another for the gander would at once have burst forth.

So now, for the benefit of those away from home, here are the dates that will interest them most: the LINCOLN, Saturday, March 13th; the NATIONAL, Saturday, March 20th; the DERBY, Saturday, June 5th; the ST. LEGER, Saturday, September 11th. A few supplementary dates for ready reference: the TWO THOUSAND, Wednesday, April 28th; the ONE THOUSAND, Friday, April 30th; the OAKS, Thursday, June 3rd; the GOLD CUP, Thursday, June 17th; the MIDDLE PARK, Tuesday, October 12th; the CESAREWITCH, Wednesday, October 13th.

If any chance I had ever had of a ride in the National had not long ago gone by, I think I should have welcomed a change from Friday to Saturday. But then, in my salad days, chaps used to be that superstitious that they would always give a new set of colours a fall on the floor of the dressing-room before going out for a jump race, and even to-day there are some who fully believe that Friday and not the fences is the cause of all the falls in the National.

### Grand National Weights

THE Official Handicapper to the N.H.C., as was only to be expected of him, has done his part very honestly. There are naturally a few "holes," unavoidable in such a very difficult problem complicated by the fact that so many of the aspirants have never even seen Aintree. As many anticipated, Mr. Sheppard has disagreed with his Irish opposite number about Caughoo and Cloncarraig, though it is only just to record that the latter was talking about something like 3 miles when he said that Cloncarraig was 9 lbs. the better horse.

The N.H.C. Official has expressed the view that Caughoo is 1 lb. better over 4 miles 856 yards than Cloncarraig, who has never faced such a distance. He may not have been over-generous to last year's winner, even though he had only to come through a lot of beaten horses after Silver Fame was brought down. If Cloncarraig, who can jump the Aintree fences, can get the distance, then at these weights I think he must have a chance of beating Caughoo; but we have absolutely no proof, and this is just pure guesswork.

I still believe that Silver Fame holds a chance second to none, and that he is capable of carrying 11 st. 6 lbs. to victory. I do not understand Klaxton, 11 st. 8 lbs., to Silver Fame's 11 st. 6 lb. Klaxton was going well when they crossed the water last year, and I am sorry I made a little slip in a recent note when I said he had never seen Aintree, but Silver Fame held a strong winning chance three fences from home, and I am content to abide by

Captain Petre's verdict, for he is one of those people who ride with their heads. Likewise, I do not understand why Roimond, who has yet to make the acquaintance of the Aintree fences, is considered 1 lb. better than Silver Fame. It does not seem to work out on form.

I suggest that it is very necessary to look only at Grand National performances when we consider this handicap, because nothing else really counts. In this connection, I wonder whether War Risk has the right to be considered the same horse as Caughoo over this distance? I think that Revelry, purely on Aintree form, is overrated. He may be a very good horse, and, of course, they know more about him at home than we do, but on public record I do not think he is entitled to his position. We had better wait and see, for a bit, at any rate, what the owners and the bookmakers think. First Forfeits were on February 3rd, and I don't think they tell us very much more than we know already; the Finals are on March 9th, and I should think it is wiser to hold our fire until then.

### Durban Like Calcutta

SOMEONE, who knows both, writes to me from that African seaside resort that in January it was just like Calcutta in March without any of the amenities. I likewise know about Calcutta, and I assure you that by March it has begun to stoke up in good earnest and is also more muggy than it is in June, when the lid really blows off, and it is as hot as the Pit. The amenities included houses built to tackle that sort of thing, buzz-fans and *frappé* fluids of all descriptions; likewise, of course, clothes made to suit the occasion.

Durban, not being Oriental, apparently does not know of these things, and so I can well



*Jill Hood-Linzee, the brilliant young Surrey skater, executing a magnificent leap during practice at St. Moritz, where she was a member of the British figure-skating team*

imagine what it is like. My friend says that, as a makeweight, it is a shopper's paradise, and that his lady-wife was able to get everything in abundant supply and no coupons—a great relief after her privations of the past seven years or so. He adds: "South Africa is a great and progressive country, but I should not like to settle in it." That, of course, was a mid-summer impression of a rather humid bit of the East Coast, when it was as hot as Hindustan; but there are other spots—Nairobi and Kenya, for instance—which, according to some other recent information, are first cousins to the Islands of the Blest, and well worth anyone's attention.

### Hounds from A to Z

THE title of a new and most excellent book, *A Huntsman's Log Book*, is very well chosen, for it is exactly that. Wherever the author, Mr. Isaac Bell, has been a Master of Hounds—The Blazers, Kilkenny, South and West Wilts—he has hunted and bred them himself. He is a legendary figure in the fox-hunting world, and it would not be beside the truth to claim that he has forgotten more about hounds and hunting them than many have ever known.

Before proceeding any further, there is a small personal matter which I must make clear. Ikey Bell did me the great honour of asking me to edit his manuscript and get it typewritten for him. This I endeavoured to do, but I never saw the proofs of the book, and must, therefore, disclaim any responsibility for the various errors, typographical and otherwise, by which the book is unfortunately disfigured. As for the rest: if any there still be in this dangerous world who are anxious to learn how to breed the foxhound, handle him in the kennel, and hunt him in the field, no better advice can be tendered them than to read, mark, and inwardly digest the written word of such a first-class mentor.

Where the breeding of hounds is concerned, I believe I am right in saying that the author gave this advice to a Master of Hounds: "Adhere to Brocklesby Wrangler (1899), Belvoir Stormer (1899), Grafton Woodman (1892), the old Lord Willoughby de Broke strain, at one time very prominent in the North Stafford, and Pythchley Freshman (1891); keep these strains in your mind, and you cannot go far wrong." It was a stroke of genius on the part of the old Lord Willoughby de Broke to select Lord Coventry's Rambler and the Quorn Alfred and mate their issue with various Belvoir hounds. It is a classic nick in hound breeding.

Every aspirant and every present M.F.H., I feel sure, will devour Ikey Bell's good book. It is published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 12s. 6d., and though at the moment out of print it is to be reprinted at a future date.



*John and Jenny Nicks, pair-skating champions of Great Britain, who also represented this country in the figure-skating*



## Scoreboard

**D**AWDLING dreamily through the drawers of the desk the other day to find something-or-other for who-knows-what purpose, I came upon a Whist Drive card. The scores were filled in, added up to the nearest ten, and signed continuously by myself. Perhaps only I had a pencil. On the back of the card some poet had written:

*Mr. Johnson leads his aces,  
Mrs. Henderson pulls faces,  
Mr. Bird makes silly jokes,  
And, while he's making them, revokes.*

This quatrain, for it is no less, was signed "William Shakespeare"; for the same reason that schoolboys seize a cricket-bat and say "I'm Compton." Concerning the technical aspect of the whist played there is silence. *De maximis non curat Clio*; that is to say, History is interested most in the little things.

**T**HUS, we all know that George IV. never paid a tailor's bill; of his Speeches from the Throne we are ignorant, except that he betted a pal that he'd say "Baa, baa, black sheep" in one of them, and duly collected. It is the same with Games, somewhat. Many earnest seekers after truth have asked me difficult questions about Leonard Hutton's immortal 364 for England *versus* Australia; but nearly all I can remember is the cheerful, if faintly inane, smile on "Chuck" Fleetwood-Smith's face when his bowling analysis stood at 1 for 220 or so, and the spasmodic but frustrated attempts of the Pavilion head-waiter to take drinks out on to the field when Hutton needed 6 runs to beat Don Bradman's Test record score.

Reverting to whist. There is a pleasing variety of custom at the Drives. At some, the losing gentleman deals, with what grace and

jocularity he can summon. At others, the winning lady sets the game in motion. At all, the common factor is the desire for victory and closed windows.

Myself, I am a nervous dealer. Once, having mucked up a deal, I handed them round again, and served myself, by a freak of generosity, four aces, four kings and three queens. When we'd scooped up our twelfth trick, the lady on my left, till then silent, said, "Funny deal, that last one."

The best Whist Drives cater for surprise prize-winners; e.g., the highest vegetarian; the lowest left-handed bachelor. I am still awaiting the prize for an aquiline and handsome Celt, with



a tendency to baldness and a weakness for arranging his hand in five suits.

**A** LITTLE more on the subject of Preferred Lies in golf. Why not also have Preferred Scores? That is to say, if a golfer thinks his score in a stroke competition is too high, he hands in a lower one. At any hole, he should be entitled to a Psychological as well as an Apparent score. The latter figure is what he appears to have done; the former is what he would have done if he'd played as he intended. Too metaphysical, you say? But life is not a Simple Equation, Mr. J. Washington Knickerbocker, Junr.

**A**T the present rate of striking, it is evident that some form of handicap will have to be imposed on Don Bradman in the Tests this coming summer. Several suggestions lurch to the mind. One, perhaps the simplest, is that he should go to the crease with a score of minus 100. Not unlike conceding five blacks in a game of Snooker's Pool. Another is that he should be adjudged out if caught on the first bounce. Or, the umpires would be empowered to give him out when either or both felt that he'd been batting long enough. In the event of umpires failing to agree, a plebiscite of fielders to be taken.

Best of all, perhaps, Bradman should have to use a bat of only half the permitted width; a penalty that recalls happy days, all sun and Saturday, when the boys, with bats, played the masters, with broomsticks, and a googly was defined as a ball that breaks both ways, then shoots. Heroic figures float back from those antiquities: the Junior Partner, who, when important visitors were expected, went around cleaning the spectatorial benches with a pair of his own reluctantly discarded pants; Gerald Campbell, who, taking a holiday from writing leaders for *The Times*, hit the highest sixes that ever soared over the head of mid-wicket; and our own vice-captain, who, with knotted handkerchief for cap, defied the elders with peerless abandon, then, all too early, gave up cricket to write novels under the alias of Peter Traill.

*R.C. Robertson Glasgow*



Dr. R. H. Schloss

**The British Ladies' Ski Team** at St. Moritz for the Olympics. In spite of lack of practice during the war years, they made a very fair showing against their Continental competitors. They are Miss Rosemarie Sparrow, Miss Xanthe Ryder, Mrs. Bunty Greenland, Miss Evelyn Pinching (trainer), Mrs. B. Duke-Woolley, Miss Isobel Roe (captain, 28th in the downhill race) and Miss Shena Mackintosh (21st in slalom and 23rd in combined slalom and downhill)





**The Murder of Lord Kitwarden.** An etching by George Cruikshank in "The History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798," reproduced in one of the first three volumes of "English Masters in Black and White" (Art and Technics; 8s. 6d. per volume). The other volumes so far published in this useful and handsomely produced series are "Richard Doyle," by Daria Hambourg, and "Sir John Tenniel," by Frances Sarzano

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Book Reviews

"The Swan Sang Once"

"The Port of London"

"Living Writers"

"With Murder in Mind"

**T**HE SWAN SANG ONCE," by Marjorie Carleton (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a really excellent tension novel, perceptibly recommended by the Book Society. I do not feel it belongs in the thriller class, as interest principally falls on the characters of two persons, and on their reactions to a preposterous but not impossible situation. Miss Carleton's technique is to be admired, because she succeeds in making us intimate with a man and woman who are, in spite of their marriage, mysteries to each other, and who remain to some extent mysteries to us up to the last page.

Some sinister intention, obviously, has underlain Taynor Harrison's lightning courtship of, and marriage to, the plump but blondely attractive Iris—met by him first at a Lisbon cocktail party while he is still in the American Army. When the story opens, Taynor is back in civilian life, taking up residence with his bride in a so far unseen, comfortable furnished house in a suburb of Boston. Money, apparently, is no object: the house, chosen and prepared for the bridal pair by Karen Littlefield (a girl Taynor knew before his marriage), is conventional, if agreeably so, and lacks no appointments of American modern life.

It is, indeed, found to have, from the point of view of Iris, one appointment too many—a

sophisticated but somehow eerie music room, brocade-panelled, with one secluded window looking out into "a dense and silent copse of firs." Why Iris should, at the first glance, connect this room with a threat to her safety we are not for some time told.

**O**N the surface, *The Swan Sang Once* might be a novel about the difficult first months of a marriage—a marriage between two people some way into their thirties, each of whom has already lived years of lives crowdedly, vividly and apart. Mutual exploration, with a certain lover-like jealousy, on each side, of the other's past, might seem to be the keynote of the Harrisons' honeymoon. But no—for already, on the second page, something far more bizarre has been introduced.

A thoughtful onlooker, glancing from some nearby window, might have thought: What extraordinary faces, so noble, so intent, so devoted. For those two leaned together from time to time almost involuntarily. Their glances sought each other, then moved away, then searched again. It was reasonable that this should be so, for they were bound together by two firm ties. In the first place they were man and wife. And secondly, they shared an even closer, more intimate relationship, the closest possible to mankind, perhaps. For each intended the death of the other, and each had a suspicion of the other's intention. Or, rather, not a suspicion but a deep, primitive awareness.

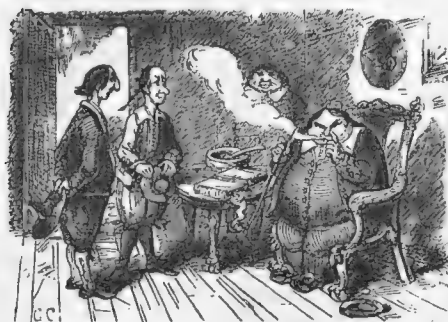
It is right to say at once that this is not a murder story—something more general is involved. The tale confronts the reviewer with unusual problems as to discretion—to anticipate the revelations meted out to us, chapter by chapter, would be unjust alike to author and reader. And yet, it is hard to discuss *The Swan Sang Once*, or to give any idea of its originality, without betraying at least something.

One may, I think, say this—the manoeuvres in this quiet Boston home, and the heightening drama of the Canadian hunting trip, link up with a string of terrible episodes in the Pacific theatre of war. An American woman known as Yokohama Lily had acted as a decoy for the Japanese—first by broadcasting for the enemy;

afterwards, and still worse, by luring her compatriots to a dreadful death in the jungle by singing homely old American songs. Taynor Harrison, as an American Army doctor in the Far East, has several times found himself on The Lily's devastated trail. On The Lily herself he had not set eyes—but he *had*, unforgettably, seen some of her victims, or, rather, their remains. In Taynor Harrison, therefore, there reigns one obsession—the desire to track The Lily down and hand her over to justice; or, if necessary, in default of that, wreak vengeance on her himself. This wish is as impersonal as it is dominating. For, so far, The Lily has escaped capture.

**W**OULD a man, in order to study from close quarters a woman whom he has reason to suspect of being a monster, go so far as not only to marry her but to bring her back with him to set up house in a nice residential neighbourhood, among his old friends? There is an improbability about this—on the other hand, Miss Carleton does suggest that Taynor's vengeance-fixation has unbalanced him; or, at any rate, made him insensitive to what would be called the normal values of life.

We are shown the Harrisons, as a couple, from time to time, through the eyes of Karen,



An illustration by Cruikshank for "The Beauties of Washington Irving"



"The English Coachman," another wood-engraving from the Irving series

who is honourably trying to blind herself to the fact that she is in love with Taynor—years ago, she had had a schoolgirl hero-worship for the clever young doctor, ten years her senior. Inevitably, Karen finds Iris trying. To add to the complications, at least for Karen, Iris happens to be one of those types—confined, as far as I know, to the pages of fiction—whose glamour-secret is that of *not* wearing make-up: somehow she makes the nice normal American girl, with her lipstick and much of much else, look dowdy.

As so far described, *The Swan Sang Once* might seem to contain no more than the ingredients of an unusual thriller. I do, however, claim that it has importance as a moral study of character. Whether Iris Harrison, with, as it seems at times, her not more than superficial faults of greed, laziness and occasional touches of selfish cruelty, is Yokohama Lily, I refuse to reveal—but, whether she is or is not, one comes to see not only *that* she could be, but *how* she could be. More and more one sees how a woman who, by easy-going standards, might not be considered worse than thousands of others, could, under pressure of circumstance, embark on a frightful career without any real sense of what she was doing. Callousness, this book leaves one to feel, could spread, like any malignant growth. Iris, we soon perceive, is morally blind—and blindness operates equally whether the object one is *not* seeing be large or small. . . . And yet, somehow, Iris is sympathetic—she holds one's interest; one shares her hopes and fears when she is on the run.

This accomplished novel is, I understand, Marjorie Carleton's first: she is a writer to watch.

THE piano has always been one of the most difficult instruments to reproduce satisfactorily, but present systems of recording have reached something very near perfection.

Of the spate of piano records this month I think you will do well to hear that made by Miss Moura Lympny. Born in Devon in 1916, she began to learn the piano when she was at school in Belgium, giving her first public concert at Harrogate when she was twelve years of age. Her first recital

in London was given when she was eighteen. She studied under both Mathilde Verne and Matthay, and has played in most parts of the world.

Her latest record can do nothing but enhance her international reputation. She plays Brahms' *Variations on a Theme of Paganini* (Book Two). Her style is brilliant, and her sense of balance and light and shade is never lacking for an instant. (H.M.V. C.3697.)

Robert Tredinnick.

to the reader. The illustrations, as one expects in this series, are well chosen—the actual scene is on so large and so grand a scale that pictures might well have seemed inadequate, scrappy, but these suggest, as they should, dignity.

The Pool, just below London Bridge, has been the centre of trade since the days of the merchants of whom Tacitus wrote, up to those of the Port of London Authority—which, yet another example of Mr. Winston Churchill's energy and Mr. Lloyd George's vision, was established in 1908. The Authority exercises absolute and unchallenged rule from the Nore Lightship up to the first weir at Teddington. Is it known generally—it was unknown by me—that up to 1914 flounders were caught at Brentford? Mr. Herbert takes us an exciting excursion down the river from Brentford to Tilbury. Down that river how many craft have sailed, and on what momentous occasions—from King Alfred's galleys to the "little ships" of Dunkirk.



An amusing vignette from a miscellany, by the famous illustrator of Dickens

"LIVING WRITERS," edited by G. H. Phelps (Sylvan Press; 8s. 6d.), shows authors emerging well, I think, from the ordeal of writing about each other. Or, one should say, talking about each other—for what are essays here were originally Third Programme broadcasts. Rightly, they have been printed in their first broadcast form—essays I ought

not to call them!

Experiments in spoken literary criticism are always interesting. The speaking critic must seek, above all, directness—none of the occasional meanderings permitted to written prose are possible: any idea failing to reach the listener is lost for ever. There must be also clearness and concentration—and, when a certain subtlety is at the same time needed, pretty large demands are made on technique. However, a writer who

does not care for a new problem is a writer with soul so dead!

These pieces in *Living Writers* have in common a sort of alive quality—I feel they should appeal to many readers who turn aside from the obfuscations (as it appears to them) of literary essays. At the same time, these broadcasters have flown high: the book contains not one obvious observation—there is, on

the contrary, very great stimulus to thought. There is also, best of all, honesty—partly due, I think, to a sort of happy equalitarianism between the writer-broadcasters and their subjects; the former being, in each case, enough in sympathy with the latter to be able to be discerning but not idolatrous. Best of all, these critics of living novelists are in the fray themselves: they *are*, most of them, living novelists.

E. M. Forster is discussed by Rose Macaulay; Evelyn Waugh by John Betjeman; Ivy Compton Burnett by Edward Sackville-West; Graham Greene by Arthur Calder-Marshall; George Orwell by V. S. Pritchett; Aldous Huxley by Peter Quennell, and so on. We have playwright on playwright with Denis Johnstone on Sean O'Casey; poet on poet with Dylan Thomas on Walter de la Mare. Nor is this all. One might now suggest a return match.

IN *With Murder in Mind* (Crime Club, Collins; 8s. 6d.) Elizabeth Ferrars is at her most ingenious. Frankly, I think the idea of this novel is more fascinating than the characters or the plot. The story is unfolded by a distraught lady in the course of a series of sessions with a psycho-analyst. Andrea Stone, who arrives punctually, though with shaking nerves, every day for her hour with Dr. Fromhold, has reason to believe herself married to a murderer, wishes to get a good deal off her chest, and selects this peculiar confessional. As I have suggested, nobody concerned is so engaging as the imperious Dr. Fromhold himself—Andrea, with her intensity, palls on us, as one gathers she does on him. As for Joe, the suspect husband, he chiefly suffers from being seen through Andrea's eyes: it is, I take it, one of the purposes of this devilishly ingenious story that he should do so. The irony of the last chapter is admirable.

Miss Bowen is now on a Continental lecture tour. For the next three weeks Book Reviews will be written by Miss Margery Allingham, the novelist.

## Winifred Lewis

### on Fashions

TEMPORARY brush-off of the current personal problem how to get the hem of a not-so-old fur coat on to speaking terms with New Look dresses came with the recent Model House Collections. Here one could dismiss the tiresome realities and inhabit for a while a fashion world where no such frustrations exist.

If you were expecting to hear that the London designers have gone all out for the spectacular, you will be disappointed. On the contrary. At this stage longer skirts, narrower waists and softer shoulders can hardly be thus described. Even the most unwilling collaborators will concede that these basic changes are now established. Revelations at the recent shows are a mere consolidation of the new trend.

It was, in fact, startling to note the moderation with which some representatives of the Top Ten have interpreted the current trend. At Worth it was recognisable mainly in much longer skirts. Otherwise, suits tended to maintain familiar classic features with moderate emphasis on waists and softer shoulders.

The sloping shoulder is a feature of Hartnell's day clothes. High necklines, often draped, slope to rounded shoulders. Immense volume characterises his overcoats, but, as always, the highlights fall upon his evening clothes, which are surpassingly rich in

decoration and lavish of material. One evening gown of sheer enchantment in black grosgrain runs to a hoop with deep hem, pockets and heart-shaped neck outlined with sequins. Another white duchess satin evening gown is enriched with hand-painted sprays of roses shading from petal pink to deepest rose. The full skirt divides over an underskirt of bright pink.

Hardy Amies, faithful to the tailored line, feminises suits with shorter jackets which spring from the waist into flared basques—occasionally pleated.

Everywhere the extreme décolleté is strongly featured. Afternoon prints with flared skirts and bodices moulding the diaphragm repeatedly show the deep-cut, square décolletage. Victor Stiebel reiterates the low square neck, cowl-draped at the bodice line with a huge flower tucked into rippling folds at the bosom. Here was an outstanding collection with emphasis upon exquisitely delicate prints, muted colouring and waterfall drapery cascading from tiny waists.

Angele Delanghe surpasses herself in a collection of romantic femininity. From eighteenth-century ruffled skirts to black cocktail suits with the tulip waist, her collection reveals the feminine curve in every facet, at the same time halting well this side of eccentricity. Skirt lengths are dictated, as the designer herself puts it, "by suitability for the time, the place and the company." Nevertheless, none are above mid-calf length—many are lower.

These were mainly export collections and, as such, for home buyers limited in interests to styling and workmanship. Many of the materials used are for export only, but, as a promise of things to come, the beauty of the British materials shown—more especially in regard to fine woollens and featherweight tweeds, hold a guarantee that in the days of the free market somewhere ahead, English women may expect to wear home-produced materials of a quality and beauty unsurpassed in the world to-day.





# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



**Hubble—Gibson-Pattinson**

Mr. John Frederick Hubble, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hubble, of Birmingham, married Miss D. Patricia Gibson De-Went Pattinson, only daughter of Mr. Reginald Gibson De-Went Pattinson, of Cheam, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Coupland—Hopkins**

Dr. Geoffrey Michael Coupland, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Coupland, of Hythe, Kent, married Miss Sheelagh Hopkins, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. A. S. Hopkins, of Hythe, at St. Margaret's-at-Cliff, near Dover



**Ingilby—Colvin**

Major J. W. V. Ingilby, Scots Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. Sir William H. Ingilby, and the Hon. Lady Ingilby, of Ripley Castle, Harrogate, married Miss Diane Colvin, only daughter of Sir George and Lady Colvin, of Wellsbridge Cottage, Ascot



**Darton—Stanley**

Mr. James Harwood Darton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Harwood Darton, of Horsmonden, Kent, married Miss June Kerr Stanley, of 8, Ormonde Gate, S.W.3, only daughter of Mrs. E. R. Green, of Ringwood, Hants., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Massey—Potter**

Mr. James Massey, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. C. Massey, of Harrow, married Miss Elizabeth Carolyn Potter, M.C.S.P., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Potter, of Bengoe, Hertfordshire, at Holy Trinity, Bengoe



**Henderson—Smart**

Mr. Antony Moyese Henderson, only son of Major and Mrs. W. P. M. Henderson, of Durban, South Africa, married at Rondebosch, Cape, Miss Vivian Smart, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smart, of Ferring, Sussex, and Pendine, South Wales



**Sewell—Hyde**

Mr. John Walter Sewell, the Queen's Royal Regiment, younger son of Mr. Edward Owen Sewell, O.B.E., and the late Mrs. Lucy T. Sewell, formerly of Radlett, Herts., married Miss Muriel Maureen Hyde, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hyde, of Market Rasen, Lincolnshire



**Holloway—Charles**

Mr. Adrian George W. Holloway, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Holloway, of Minchinhampton, Glos., married Miss Helen Pendrill Charles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. St. J. Charles, of Newton House, Porthcawl, Glamorgan



**Stewart-Bam—Kitson**

Mr. Pieter Stewart-Bam, of Barcaldine Lodge, by Connel, Argyll, son of the late Sir Pieter and Lady Stewart-Bam, married Miss Margaret Agnes Kitson, elder daughter of Capt. J. B. and the Hon. Mrs. Kitson, of Madehurst, Arundel, Sussex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



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**Miss Margaret Constance (Peggy) Vivian**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. E. Vivian, 12a, Ennismore Gardens, London, S.W.7, who is to marry Capt. David Baird, King's Dragoon Guards, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Baird, of Keena House, Hastings



Bassano

**Miss Christian Jean Strain**, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Strain, of West Hartlepool, who is to marry Capt. Timothy John Miles O'Donovan, 60th Rifles, only son of Mr. and Mrs. V. T. O'Donovan, of Folly Manor, Wokingham, Berkshire



Fayer

**Miss Aurea Anne Farmer**, second daughter of the Rev. Alix and Mrs. Farmer, of Yattendon Rectory, Berkshire, who is engaged to Mr. John Latimer Nevill, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nevill, of Hartshanger, Porlock



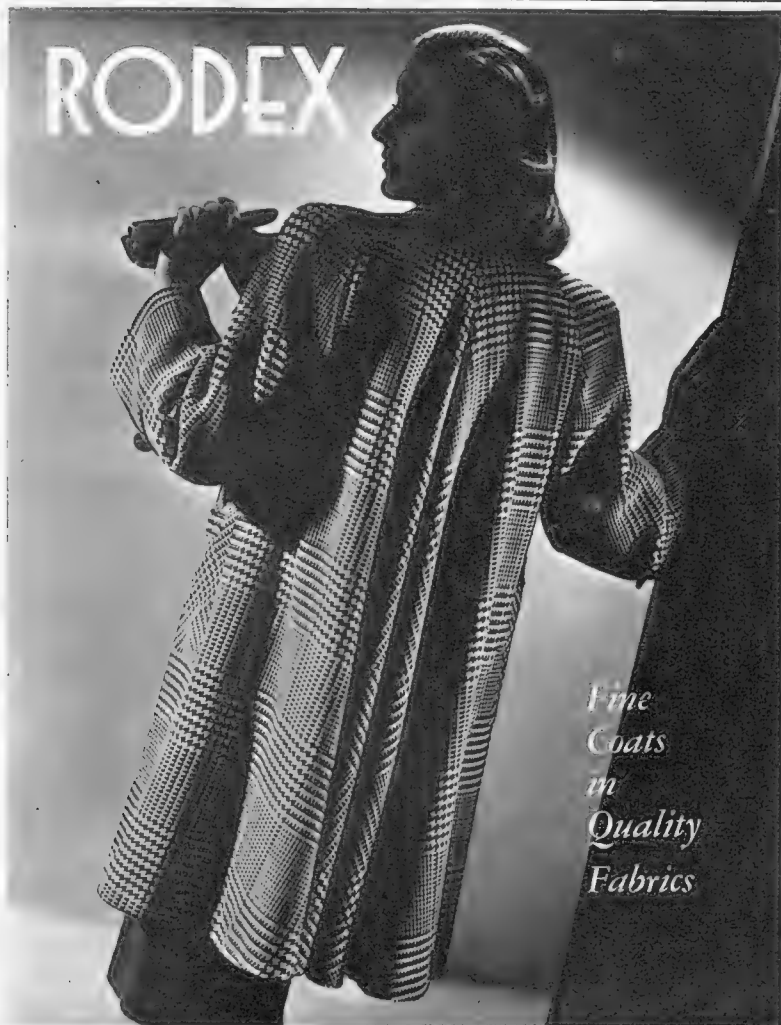
Pearl Freeman

**Miss Elizabeth Mary Kirk**, daughter of Capt. C. P. and Lady Mary Kirk, of Kennett, Newmarket, who is marrying in March Mr. Peter Thomas Wood, of 73, St. James's Street, S.W.1, elder son of the late Capt. R. G. P. Wood, M.C., and of Mrs. Jack Orr



Navana

**Miss C. Sandeman and the Hon. Basil Kenworthy**, who are to be married in March. Miss Sandeman is the younger daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gerard Sandeman, of the Mill House, Ufford, Suffolk, and the Hon. Basil Kenworthy is the youngest son of Lord Strabolgi, of Idlesleigh House, Caxton Street, S.W.1. and of Doris Lady Strabolgi



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# Oliver Sturges

## on FLYING

IT is not often that I rush to the defence of our American friends; but I have become a little tired of hearing about the losses made by some of the United States airline companies compared with the losses made by the British Overseas and the British European-Airways Corporations. Government spokesmen gleefully refer to the millions of dollars lost by the American companies and seem to think that they show how much worse private enterprise is than nationalisation.

In fairness to the American companies I must point out that the losses relative to the traffic handled are relatively small and that not one penny of those losses falls on the taxpayer. There is a difference between losing money voluntarily subscribed for a given enterprise, and losing money compulsorily extracted.

Surely the British corporations have enough good points to enable their supporters to justify them without misrepresenting what the American airlines are doing. There is, for example, the excellence of the passenger service which is given both by B.O.A.C. and B.E.A.C. And I think that all three corporations deserve praise for the fullness of their accounts, which are models of their kind and should give a good example to other nationalised undertakings.

### Manoeuvrable Meteor

THE new international speed record of 100 kilometres set up by Squadron Leader Waterton in a Gloster Meteor with two Rolls-Royce turbojets, deserves more notice than it has yet had. The speed of 874 kilometres an hour, or 542.9 miles an hour, was sufficiently remarkable; but there was also the manoeuvrability factor.

World speed records are taken on a straight run of 3 kilometres; but the 100 kilometres is a "closed circuit" record and entails turning. Theoretically, I believe that the most favourable conditions would be found on a

perfectly circular course, the aircraft being kept on a gentle turn all the time. In practice the course has to be laid out with a number of turning points, each of which knocks down the speed.

Waterton first went on a three lap course with four sides, the most difficult conditions, and even then he achieved an extremely high speed (515 m.p.h.), a speed which, I was glad to see, improved upon the American figure in the Thomson Trophy race. Then, later in the same day, at dusk, Waterton went over a single-lap, five-sided course and it was on this course that he achieved the record figure that was selected for confirmation.

Waterton and the makers of the aircraft and of the jet engines are to be congratulated on a very fine performance—an achievement moreover, which is a direct demonstration of the operational excellence of the aircraft.

### "Height" or "Altitude"?

AND now let us hope that the proposed attempt on the altitude record will be made. Cunningham has already shown that the Vampire with Ghost engine should be able to do it—and by "it" I mean the international aeroplane altitude record and not the world altitude record. The world record is probably still too difficult for any aeroplane and must stay as a balloon record for some time to come.

The Vampire has been to 17,000 metres (56,000 feet) which is about where the aeroplane altitude record stands to-day. It is held by the Italian, Mario Pezzi, and was set before the war.

Readers will note that I call it the "altitude" record and not the "height" record. In days gone by those of us in aviation used to avoid the word "altitude": as having the connotation of an angular measurement; but a few weeks ago the International Civil Aviation Organization laid down definitions of "height,"

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"elevation" and "altitude" when used in aviation.

It is my view that we ought to stick to I.C.A.O. rulings in these and related matters, then we shall have a standardized set of terms and we shall all know what we are talking about. Altitude ought, according to I.C.A.O., to be used for what in the past we should have called the height of an aircraft. Consequently what was called the height record, ought now to be called the altitude record. It seems a small matter, but is in fact of some importance.

### Rain and Flying Boats

ONE more thing in favour of flying boats emerged in a Notice to Airmen recently. It was the usual annual notice about the airfields which had been put out of action by the rains. Every year a number of airfields become unserviceable through being waterlogged. Some fairly large airfields are among them. Now that is a form of unserviceability that cannot attack marine aerodromes.

Not only does the flying boat not demand long concreted runways, but its alighting surfaces cannot become water-logged. That is one more reason why Britain should go ahead with a full flying boat programme.

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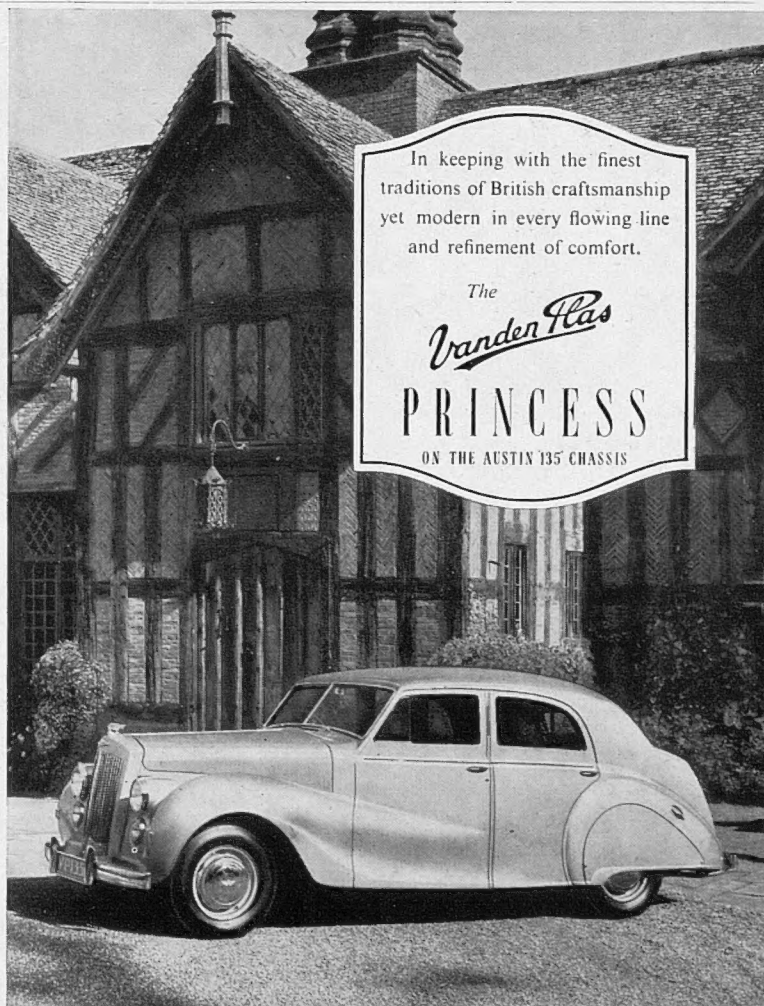
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